THE NATION

MARCH 25, 1961 . . 25c

A WORLD of LAW

For a Disarmed World

Louis B. Sohn

JOURNEY to the BEGINNING

A Northern Negro Moves to Dixie

Almena Lomax

The Charles C. Sherrod Library
[illegible] COLLEGE
[illegible], TENNESSEE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Ordeal of SANE

Dears Sirs: Barbara Deming's account of "The Ordeal of SANE" [March 11 issue] reflects the problems I have observed in small social-action groups (mainly in the field of race relations) and confirms me in my opinion that *it is impossible to engage in meaningful social action today without being branded "subversive."* The reason for this can be seen when social action is viewed as conflict among groups in a society experiencing permanent external threat. Every social-action program, no matter how high-minded its goals, threatens some vested interests in the community or society, such as owners of commercial establishments practicing segregation or the military and the manufacturers of war materials. These interests naturally counterattack, and the cold war provides them with their most potent weapon: the Red Brand. . . .

Miss Deming's article indicates the liberal leadership of SANE was not aware that the goal of the vested interests *is the destruction of the action program.* (Liberals, viewing society as an integrated unit rather than a collection of potentially conflicting groups, naively assume that *nobody* could *possibly* oppose a group with such high-minded goals as theirs.) When the action group responds to the investigators by purging itself and refraining from controversial activities, it renders itself impotent. . . . HARRY L. GRACEY

New York City

Dear Sirs: There is one category of persons which Barbara Deming failed to mention in her article about SANE — those severing all connections with local chapters because of said chapters' mere token acceptance of the May 26 national board policy. These people did support and work for SANE, but are now standing aside to see how close national supervision of chapters becomes. They *want* to be active for peace, but only in an organization of the type the national board desires. They should not be forgotten. SUSAN C. BOYAN

Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs: "The Ordeal of SANE" offers the clearest explanation of the unfortunate disarray and confusion in which the national committee finds itself. If Senator Dodd has not succeeded in his attempt to destroy SANE, he has certainly dealt it a crippling blow.

For a long time I have tried, unsuccessfully, to get SANE to attack the USSR for the innumerable roadblocks she has thrown up at the Geneva test-ban talks; also to criticize France for the Sahara nuclear explosions. This would have been a useful and legitimate approach — to attack not alone U.S. opponents of a test ban (such as the AEC and Pentagon), but *any* nation or group which stands in the way of a ban agreement and disarmament. Had my suggestion been followed, it would have largely forestalled or nullified Dodd's accusations of "Communist infiltration."

Mt. Vernon, N.Y. ALLEN KLEIN

Ungrateful Taiwanese

Dear Sirs: In regard to your editorial, "The Forgotten Formosans," [March 11 issue] I, as a Taiwanese, wish to point out that the so-called "United Formosans for Independence" group in no way represents even the small body of Taiwanese students in this country.

The majority of Taiwanese like myself take pride in being ethnically and culturally Chinese (there is no such thing as a Taiwanese culture). I have served in the army in Taiwan and have in fact taken part in the defense of Quemoy. I am proud of the fact that Taiwan constitutes a powerful bulwark against Communist expansion. . . .

As for the Taiwanese being treated as second-class citizens, it all depends what you mean by the term. The facts are that over 70 per cent of the staff members in the Taiwan Provincial Government are Taiwanese; in the Provincial Assembly, over 90 per cent of the popularly-voted members are Taiwan-born Chinese. All the mayors of the five principal cities and fifteen of the sixteen county magistrates are Taiwanese. . . . It is true that in the federal Legislature and the National Assembly, the Taiwanese are under-represented, but these two bodies were organized in accordance with the Constitution which was adopted on the mainland, when Taiwan was one of the provinces. That, of course, should be changed in some way by an amendment of the Constitution. Unfortunately, for technical reasons, it cannot be done at this moment.

Mt. Kisco, N.Y. THANG-SOU CHIU

Grateful Iranian

Dear Sirs: I am sure that the overwhelming majority of some 5,000 Iranian students in this country share my profound gratitude and admiration for your editorial stand on Iran ("Machine Guns and Roses," *The Nation*, March 4, 1961). It is rare indeed that an American journal has the concern and the moral courage to take a stand for the cause of liberty where it does not concern your immediate interests. T. M.

Boston, Mass.

[*The writer, an Iranian student, has asked that his name be withheld "for obvious reasons."*—ED.]

In This Issue

EDITORIALS

245 ●

ARTICLES

247 ● Kennedy's Legislative Strategy
by TED LEWIS

249 ● Journey to the Beginning: A Northern Negro Moves to Dixie
by ALMENA LOMAX

256 ● A World of Law for a Disarmed World
by LOUIS B. SOHN

264 ● A German in Algeria
by ALEXANDER WERTH

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

266 ● Thorns of Life
by GEORGE STEINER

266 ● The Incomplete (poem)
by VERN RUTSALA

267 ● Solving Churchill's Riddle
by MARK G. FIELD

268 ● Curses and Satires
by VIVIAN MERCIER

269 ● Second Impressions
by ROBERT M. WALLACE

270 ● Architecture
by WALTER McQUADE

272 ● Theatre
by ROBERT HATCH

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 272)
by FRANK W. LEWIS

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts

Harold Clurman, Theatre
Maurice Grosser, Art
M. L. Rosenthal, Poetry
Lester Trimble, Music

Alexander Werth, European Correspondent

Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

The Nation, March 25, 1961. Vol. 192, No. 12

The Nation published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1961 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y. Tel: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three Years $20. Additional postage per year, Foreign $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs, Information Service, Dramatic Index.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1961
VOLUME 192, No. 12

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

More Tests Than One

When the nuclear-test negotiations resume in Geneva on March 21, much more will be at stake than the test ban itself. The symbolic importance of agreement, even on a matter of secondary importance, is obvious. If the conference ends in the usual deadlock and testing is resumed, the promoters of all-out nuclear war will have triumphed and the political-psychological magnitude of their victory will be far-reaching. If the moratorium is continued, in whatever form, a basis will have been established for possible progress in disarmament. A slight improvement in the condition of a very sick patient doesn't take him off the critical list, but it gives him a chance.

The auspices so far have not been favorable; in the joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy the odds are quoted at 10 to 1 against a treaty. The Kennedy Administration has threatened an early resumption of testing if agreement is not soon reached; in preliminary publicity, it has stood pat on the Eisenhower figure of twenty annual on-site inspections to check unidentified seismic disturbances (a possible reduction to seventeen was trial-ballooned and quickly withdrawn); and the chief American negotiator, Arthur H. Dean, is a former law partner of John Foster Dulles and about the toughest negotiator obtainable. But there is also the fact that the Kennedy Administration appears to know its own mind, while under Eisenhower the tergiversations of the American negotiators convinced many neutral experts that the United States wanted to resume testing and was deterred only by fear of world condemnation. Indefinite positions are the greatest obstacle to successful negotiation and this, at any rate, appears to have been remedied. There are also indications that the Pentagon, held on a tighter leash by Kennedy than by Eisenhower, has begun to downgrade the importance of nuclear testing and would be willing to see the ban continued as a prelude to cautiously approached arms-control — but not disarmament — negotiations. Finally, there is the favorable augury that John J. McCloy, the President's arms-control adviser, is a level-headed, determined type who means business in anything he undertakes, and the same may be said of the President's scientific adviser, Jerome Wiesner.

Agreement is possible if both sides want it. The Soviet limitation of three on-site inspections per year is clearly obstructive. The Soviets could raise the figure to ten or twelve without gravely endangering their defenses. Secrecy is a real Soviet military asset; it remains to be seen whether it is also an obsession. But there is nothing sacred about twenty or seventeen either, and the United States could well afford to come down from its earlier asking price. Equally susceptible to compromise is the question of the length of a moratorium while an elaborate seismic detection system is set up. The Soviets have been talking of three or four years, the United States of twenty-seven months. Perhaps forty-two months would not be an unreasonable period.

If agreement should prove possible and arms-control negotiations should follow, the seismic detection apparatus would become only a detail in a much more complex inspection system. The crucial problem is how to take the first step on the long road to disarmament and world government (see Louis B. Sohn's article on page 256). The negotiators at Geneva literally hold the fate of the world in their hands. If our delegation can arrive at a reasonable solution, it need not be too apprehensive about the well-known propensity of the United States Senate to look at proposed treaties with the eye of a sheriff pursuing a horse thief. Not even the Senate can defy our allies and the increasingly weighty neutral bloc. A glaring light will play on the negotiations at Geneva. Perhaps it will promote a spirit of conciliation and reason.

Luanda-Leopoldville Axis

However they may differ on other issues, when it comes to colonialism one expects the new African political leaders to cry out with one voice: "Drive the rascals out!" But from Leopoldville, a correspondent writes of an exceptionally interesting phenomenon: a growing intimacy between the Portuguese Embassy there and sundry officials of the Kasavubu regime. "Some Congolese members of Parliament show up almost every day in the Embassy," our correspondent writes. "Portuguese officials have managed to persuade the Congolese National Radio to let them handle the Portuguese program, which is broadcast to Angola and other Portuguese colonies. Recently a Mr. Nzeza Landic, one of Kasavubu's supporters, spent a week

MAR 27 '61

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in Angola; and in Luanda, the colony's capital, he gave a press conference at which he expressed admiration for Salazar's colonial policy, noted that he — Landic — had made a personal call on the Governor of Angola to thank him for 'precious aid given to the Congo,' and added, 'The Portuguese have been our first friends.' Mr. Landic has been invited to tour Portugal. You might also be interested to know that Mr. Tshombe, Prime Minister of Katanga, is also an admirer of Portuguese colonial policy."

All this must be of exceptional interest to the leaders of other African nations who, at the United Nations, have been bitterly attacking Portugal's administration of Angola.

Kicking the Businessman Around

If this had happened in the Soviet Union, it would be cited as evidencing the callous disregard of the Russians for human rights, efficiency and the Decalogue. It didn't happen in the USSR, however: the locale is Springfield, Vermont, and Washington, D.C. The President took notice of it: "It has been, I think, quite unfortunate the way it was handled," he said. This is putting it rather mildly.

The case concerns the Bryant Chucking Grinder Co., a small machine-tool manufacturer in Springfield. In 1958, machines for grinding ball bearings were taken off the government's list of items that could not be exported to the Soviet Union. In March, 1960, in advance of manufacture, Bryant obtained an export license to ship forty-five machines to Russia. The machine-tool business is depressed and Bryant was glad to get the order. The firm built the machines and shipped instruction manuals and blueprints in advance to the Russians. Everything went routinely until last fall, when another manufacturer, Miniature Precision Bearings, of Keene, New Hampshire, complained to Washington, contending that the Bryant machines would benefit the Soviet missile program. The Defense Department concurred. The Commerce Department, which had granted the export license, said that it had done so on evidence that the Russians could procure comparable machines elsewhere, and that Russian possession "would not represent a significant strategic hazard to the U.S." But it was too late. A vigilant patriot, Representative Glenard P. Lipscomb of California, called for a Congressional investigation. Senator John J. Williams of Delaware introduced an appropriate resolution. In his opinion, *nothing* should be shipped to the Soviets, not corn (although they could buy it in Argentina), not wheat (although they could buy it in Canada), and certainly not machine tools. Senator Thomas J. Dodd called his Internal Security Committee into action and was vigorously supported by Senator Kenneth B. Keating. Testimony disclosed that some experts considered the sale of Bryant's machines harmful to U.S. interests; other experts were of the opposite opinion. Finally Secretary of Commerce Luther H. Hodges decided to play it safe and revoked Bryant's license for the deal.

In its March 20 issue, *American Machinist/Metalworking Manufacturing*, which probably knows more about machine tools than the Defense Department, the Commerce Department, the House of Representatives and the Senate all put together, refers to this episode under the heading, "Our Doddering Trade Policy." The magazine suggested that the "miserable handling" of the case could only serve to do harm to our interests in the world market and drive Communist purchasing "into the waiting lap of our allies." The Springfield (Vt.) Chamber of Commerce, through its president, R. D. Bullard of Bullard Mfg. Co., complained that the hearings had not been impartial and asked that both sides of the case be presented to the public. The Navy was asked to take over the machines; it doesn't want them, but somebody in the Defense Department will have to fork up $6 million and it might as well be the Navy. Everybody is sore except Representative Lipscomb and Senators Dodd, Williams and Keating. At no expense to themselves, they have thrown another monkey wrench into U.S.-Soviet relations and earned the gratitude and future votes of East European groups in the United States, certain mixers of politics and religion, the veterans' organization, and all good men and true on the far Right. They, and only they, have reason to rejoice.

Plowing Under Books

The California legislators have been moved to considerable anger in recent weeks by the discovery that 184,000 "surplus" textbooks were burned by the State Superintendent of Schools in the last year, that an additional 974,000 had been marked for the *auto da fé*, and that in the past twenty years almost a million and a half such books had been similarly liquidated.

The legislators sense a waste of the taxpayers' money; we agree that this must be considerable, but we are also struck by the violence with which hands are laid on books that can be described as obsolete and therefore defenseless. Those that were not burned were chopped for pulp, and in Palo Alto the public library carts its old volumes to the public dump and buries them. Why burial: do they stink? It is hard to avoid the feeling that there are people in California who do not like books.

And this is reinforced by the seeming pointlessness of the great conflagration. The Superintendent stated in support of the action that the state constitution forbids giving books away and that contracts with publishers prevent their being sold outside the state. May-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be so, but it now seems that these prohibitions do not have the force of natural law. Samples of texts for which California no longer has a use (textbook obsolescence is another subject in itself) have been sent to Washington, where the USIA will determine which of them can be usefully distributed abroad (the Philippines has already said that it will gladly accept California's pedagogic hand-me-downs), and the courts are looking into contracts which allegedly prevent California from disposing of what is undoubtedly its own property.

It may be that the Superintendent was just following the line of bureaucratic least resistance; but it is also at least possible that he is a man who enjoys seeing ideas go up in smoke. Every country has its potential book-burners; the important thing is to keep the matches out of their hands.

Los Angeles' Loss Is Humboldt's Gain

Humboldt County in Northern California has a population of 104,892 in an area of 3,573 square miles. Los Angeles County, with a somewhat greater area (4,071 square miles) supports a population of 6,038,771. Yet, according to the San Francisco *News-Call Bulletin* (March 8), Humboldt has wrested from Goliath Los Angeles the honor and distinction of being the most Red-infested county in California. This is not because the Screen Writers Guild has moved to Eureka, the government seat of Humboldt, but because Humboldt is represented in Sacramento by Assemblyman Frank Belotti, who authored a bill which came before the natural resources committee of the Assembly. In the ensuing discussion, Assemblyman Louis Francis of San Mateo announced that he had evidence that Humboldt County was "the most subversive in the state." After the meeting a UPI reporter, though incurious about the relevance of the charge, did ask Mr. Francis for substantiation of it. Without hesitation, Mr. Francis produced a letter signed "a Eureka patriot." The patriot expressed his delight that "someone is coming to the fore to protect our future generations from 'idealism' theories of political science professors. We have a very fine example of students being swayed and communism acceptance [sic] in Humboldt State [college] in Arcata in the political science department." This may sound as if the writer got an "F" from some Red professor, but Mr. Francis does not take it lightly. He proposes a joint Assembly-Senate Committee on Un-American Activities with full powers to subpoena, cross-examine and excoriate the Red infiltrators. "The American people are apathetic and complacent about communism," said Mr. Francis. "They are not going to move until we show them the danger." Mr. Francis has shown it. The country now awaits the answer of Los Angeles, if it can find one.

KENNEDY'S LEGISLATIVE STRATEGY.. *Ted Lewis*

THE WAY of a President with Congress is the best measure of his success in office. How President Kennedy will have fared in this regard when his term ends in 1964 depends on events yet to come, but his amazing versatility as a political manipulator has never been more striking than in his present handling of his legislative slate.

Barring shifts in House and Senate sentiment beyond White House ability to control, or even channel, present indications are strong that when this first session of the 87th Congress adjourns in late summer, all of the President's "must" bills will be law, and in a form acceptable to him. This sort of prediction would have been folly a few weeks ago. It is now a logical forecast because the President's methods for dealing with Congress have been revealed, have earned a healthy respect from both parties, and are bound to be effective.

Even the President's handling of what is probably the most controversial Administration bill at this time, the Federal Aid to Education measure, has earned respect. Despite the unexpected dimensions of the flare-up over the omission, from the bill, of aid to private and parochial schools, which the President opposed on Constitutional grounds, he should win out on the issue.

What has happened in the historical contest of wits between the Legislative and Executive branches of government is that for the first time, according to scholars, a President is playing a highly intellectual game, one in which he has dared to try out innovations. In a sense, he is in sole command of tactics to carry out the strategy he has devised. While his plans are carried out by his Congressional lieutenants, the real leader of Administration forces, both at House and Senate levels, is the President himself rather than the titular leaders of both houses.

ON THE surface, this would appear to suggest that President Kennedy is assaying the role of legislative dictator. Yet not the most partisan Republican has raised that cry, for while FDR did try, and often with success, to cram "must" bills down Congressional throats, the artistry of Kennedy lies in compromise, in negotiations, not in dictating.

Because the tactical phase of the

TED LEWIS is Washington correspondent for the New York Daily News.

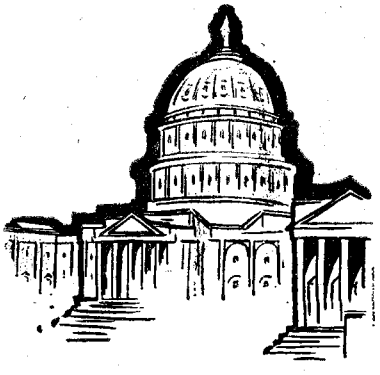
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kennedy method of dealing with Congress is now under way, it deserves attention before any inspection of the strategy that determined the tactics. First, the President has seen to it that he is available to every key Congressional figure, disgruntled or not. He can always be talked to on the telephone. What is more significant, he does not wait to be called. If someone has not taken advantage of his availability, he makes the contact and, in the process, has become the best phone-picker-upper ever to occupy the White House.

Perhaps because of his innate dignity, Kennedy has a blind spot for protocol. This is a material advantage in dealing with Congressional members. The vanity and pride of a House or Senate committee chairman can very seldom be equaled. Thus the President has made himself particularly available to Congressional committee chairmen. He has been closeted amicably with Senate Finance chairman Harry F. Byrd, the Virginian who preferred to have his state go to Nixon, not to Kennedy. He has held tête-à-têtes with House Ways and Means chairman Wilbur Mills. These, and others, get the same treatment, and what the President says to them amounts to something like this: "I respect your views about this particular bill. I am not asking that you temporize your convictions. I want to be fair and I know you well enough to know you do, too. It is for that reason I know you won't bottle up this bill, but will report it out, even if you oppose it, for it is only fair that it be allowed to come to the floor for a vote."

THIS sort of personal contact has been tried by Presidents before, but never with such energy and seldom to such an extent in the early stages of a developing legislative battle. The President is usually called in to provide the "personal treatment" only when his legislative lieutenants are alarmed at a count of noses and in desperation need the White House touch for fence-sitters.

This is only a part of President Kennedy's tactics. The manner in which he has laid down his legislative program was the result of considerable homework. Instead of following the usual routine of the past, he first announces he is going to send Congress a special message, proposing such and such legislation. He follows this with the message itself. Then he lets a few days go by before milking the issue again with another device—a letter to House or Senate leaders, explaining again why he considered the legislation vital and enclosing a draft of the bill. The technique amounts to an effort to keep the public informed and, in the process, to get his proposal the maximum of publicity. And, of course,



there is the latent hope that folks in Congress will start getting pressure from the folks back home.

In the delicate task of lining up support for legislation, both in the committees where the bills are processed and in the voting stage on the floors of both Houses, White House activities under Kennedy are intense.

This is also a novelty. Customarily, the task is left to Congressional party leaders, who are held responsible for failures. Today Speaker Sam Rayburn, Vice President Lyndon Johnson, Senate Leader Mike Mansfield are part of a "team" that works under the personal direction of the President. White House aides, like Lawrence O'Brien, are also an integral part of the team.

This way of playing the political game has never been tried before: normally, strategy for legislation may be decided on at the White House level, but tactics are usually handled by Congressional leaders. So far, Kennedy's innovation makes sense. The White House has the patronage; why should not the President use it as bait? The President, after all, is the highest elected official in the land and the national leader of his party; why should he delegate command of the drive to get his legislative program through Congress to those in charge of the party legislative majority?

At any rate, it is an excellent time to play the game this way. Kennedy came to the White House after fourteen years in Congress. To be sure, he was never a member of the Senate's inner circle, the "club"; but it is doubtful that any President before him who entered office with legislative experience had ever learned so much about the way Congress functioned. Certainly few of Kennedy's predecessors entered the White House so determined to become "the man in charge."

The President was aware of the dangers. First, there was the risk that he might not find his legislative leaders receptive; second, he had to be most careful not to give the impression that he was trying to seize new powers, to upset the three-way balance established by the Constitution.

KENNEDY'S strategy, as it has gradually been disclosed, is fascinating in its long-range design for a Congressional "envelopment" campaign. It probably had its inception in the crystal ball of Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Harvard historian who is now a White House adviser. Four years ago, Schlesinger forecast that the 1960s would be a period of national advance, with the people reacting from "a growing boredom with excessive self-congratulation and complacency."

> The new political epoch [said Schlesinger in 1957] will very likely resemble the progressive period of the turn of the century more than it will resemble the New Deal period. This is because the New Deal period was set off by economic collapse and took its special character from the fight against depression.

And in the same appraisal—a memorandum supplied to Democratic Party leaders — Schlesinger went on to say that

> . . . Spiritual unemployment can be as powerful a motive for change as economic unemployment. There was thus [at the turn of the century] a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

persuasive unrest, a growing need for idealism, which had a series of local and special manifestations until great political evangelists like Theodore Roosevelt arose to articulate the accumulating discontent for the nation and to preach a new gospel of dedication to the national welfare.

Schlesinger's remarks bring instantly to mind Kennedy's "New Frontiers" acceptance speech at Los Angeles and his Inaugural Address of January 20. While these two speeches set the tone for Kennedy's Administration, it has become apparent—particularly since January 20—that the mood of the nation which Schlesinger predicted would come to pass in the '60s has been slower in developing than either Schlesinger or Kennedy had expected.

For this and other reasons, Kennedy's present strategy with Congress is probably different from what he first intended it to be. As a result, the President has not asked for as much as he first had in mind. It is noteworthy that in most instances his legislative proposals have been far less sweeping than the recommendations given him by the advisory task forces he set up. For instance, on aid to education, his task force urged a $1.4 billion annual program; Kennedy's bill calls for an expenditure of only $766 million annually.

This is good politics. It leaves the impression in Congress that the President is far less "liberal" than had been shudderingly anticipated, that he has bowed to a Congressional mood of basic conservatism and is willing to compromise. In the words of one Democratic leader, Senator George Smathers (Fla.), a close friend of the President, the Kennedy program is "moderate" and is designed to create "the essential climate for a legislative breakthrough in 1963."

While Smathers insists that this "legislative breakthrough" is based on the President's expectation that the Congressional off-year elections in midterm will extend present Administration majorities in both Houses, this is not the heart of the strategy.

The simple fact is that the President expects that by 1963 the "mood of the nation" which Schlesinger predicted will have become manifest. There will be a popular reaching for the New Frontiers, and Kennedy will then be prepared to exploit this "reaching" by submitting a genuinely liberal legislative program.

The new national mood will not be determined by the 1962 Congressional election results. The President is aware of the probability that there will be GOP gains in the Senate as well as the House. But his long-range strategy on legislation is based on the proper timing. By 1963, what Schlesinger has called "an accumulation of disquietudes and discontents in American society" is expected to supply the leverage for what politician Smathers says Kennedy, "legislatively speaking," has in mind —"all those things he deems necessary for the best interests of our country."

In other words, Kennedy has trimmed his sails in dealing with the present Congress. As a result of the tactical maneuver, he is most likely to get most of what he has asked for, but considerably less than he expects to get before his four-year term ends. He will be successful in this round only because he did not aim too high. Next time, his strategy calls for erasing the compromises he is now ready to accept.

A NORTHERN NEGRO MOVES TO DIXIE

JOURNEY to the BEGINNING . . *by Almena Lomax*

Latest census figures show that the northward migration of the Southern Negro has accelerated in the last decade. How and why one Negro mother and her six children migrated the other way is the subject of this absorbing narrative.—Ed.

I AM A Negro mother of six who last month moved her family from Los Angeles to the Deep South to live. The community we chose was Tuskegee, Alabama, which was the one indication to my friends and relatives that, in contemplating such a move, I was still sane.

Tuskegee is the town which many people think had its origin in the establishment in 1881 by the late, great Negro ex-slave and leader, Booker T. Washington, of one of the first schools for the freedmen, Tuskegee Institute. I chose it because, as an almost all-Negro community, it would soften the harsh realism of segregation for my children, who had been born, reared and schooled in the comparatively integrated atmosphere of Los Angeles. Further, it is a college town, and I reasoned that the ignorance which I know pervades the South, white and Negro, would be somewhat subdued there.

I thought the schools, in addition to being not so flagrantly segregated, would be better. I reasoned that, at the same time, I would find what I sought in the South: a "sense of community" which the neither-fish-nor-fowl, legally integrated but actually segregated existence of the northern Negro denies him, and which the synthetic suburbanism and mechanized metropolis of Los Angeles denies all of its residents.

These were some of the arguments I marshaled in support of my decision, and it required an argument, with friend and acquaintance, relative and disinterested observer, whenever I made my intentions known.

Before I "broke out" of Los Angeles early this year, I was to feel imprisoned, baffled and frustrated at every turn. It was as though the very gods were arrayed against me and the realization of my dream.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nonetheless, I had a private conviction — practicing atheist-agnostic though I call myself — that there was a private understanding between me and a god of the universe who exists in my mind, a god satisfied with the democracy of a lower-case "g," that in going South, I was fulfilling myself and emerging into reality after six years in a dream world.

And so it came to pass.

BUT in between the dream and our setting down, with our innumerable parcels and bags, drowsy from the steamy warmth of the Greyhound bus, onto the cold, gray cement of the plain street of the plain town of Tuskegee, *sans* terminal, *sans* even a station call from the hard-faced bus driver—in between this journey's end and the beginning, there is a six-year-story which must be told if you are to understand what begins here for me.

At night, lying on my cot borrowed from Tuskegee Institute until our furniture arrives, I grope back to the beginning through a maze where each turn is like a room where the mind might settle and say, "Here. It began here." But it did not begin anywhere except at the beginning, and somehow it seems necessary to work it out, both for myself and for those who might be interested in the phenomenon of a twentieth-century frontierswoman, a Negro woman whose "roots are not in the South," taking her children by modern-day covered wagon overland 2,600 miles into the Deep South.

But who is to say that my "roots are not in the South"? Though, in truth, they are also in Africa, in France, in England, Jerusalem, in the Caribbean. I had an Alabama-born paternal grandmother whose hawk nose, chiseled lips and flashing black eyes proclaimed that more than the ghosts of the Cherokees, the Creeks, the Choctaws, the Chickasaws, lurk in Alabama's tall, military pines which rank row on row like waiting armies in the thick forests which loom like forts around town and road of this fertile state.

My mother, whose blue-gray eyes, auburn hair, fine white skin and thin features showed not a hint of Negro blood, was born in New Orleans, but spent her summers with dark-skinned half-relatives in Mobile, Alabama, and went there to Norman School and met my father and ran away to get married.

Down from Mobile on the Gulf of Mexico, in Galveston, I was born. So, although I was reared in Chicago and Los Angeles, who is to say my "roots are not in the South"?

Who is to say that those roots were not stirred six years ago when I alighted from a plane in a field of yellow and green dandelions at the old Montgomery airport, come to cover the federal court hearing into bus segregation, the dramatic highlight of the heroic and thrilling 366-day boycott of segregated buses by the Negroes of Montgomery?

In common with Negroes all over the country and people throughout the world who admire courage, I had been stirred by the Montgomery bus boycott as by no single event in Negro history. That was the year Autherine Lucy was stoned at the University of Alabama. That was the time of Emmett Till, of Gus Courts, of Lamar Smith, of Dr. G. W. Lee, lynch and near-lynch victims in Mississippi.

But none of these events stirred me like the story of thousands of Negroes "walking in dignity" where they had ridden so long under abuse.

It was as though a signal had been given and we had begun to rise.

"Tell them we are rising," the steps of the walking Negroes of Montgomery seemed to say to Negroes of the world. And, indeed, from that day forward, it has been as if we truly had begun to rise.

FROM necessity, I had been in my career as a newspaperwoman what is known as an "armchair journalist." I edited, and with my husband owned, a small, but noisy Negro weekly, the Los Angeles *Tribune*.

My husband and I wrote the *Tribune*, printed it, did job printing, fought for the rights and advancement of Los Angeles Negroes, engaged in politics, and had one baby after another, in the thirteen years of our association. My part was to write everything that appeared in the *Tribune's* twenty-four tabloid pages (except the sports), "prime the pump" for enough advertising to cut its $1,200-a-week overhead, supervise the one-girl office, read the proofs, help our three-man shop with the composition and make-up of the paper, and with my left hand bring up the six who, at the time the Montgomery story broke, included a two-month-old baby.

With a load like this, all handled from home except for nocturnal, press-day and weekend visits to the office and print shop, I seldom ventured far for a story. Hence, "armchair journalism."

I thought myself satisfied with this routine until Montgomery. *I have to cover this story*, I said deep inside myself. But upsetting the routine was frowned upon both by my husband and my conscience. And I knew, too, that if I expressed the wish aloud, I was as good as gone.

The interest of *Tribune* readers in my offbeat, emotional—but, they said, always provocative — writing was so great that they went to the length of offering to baby-sit or to pay my expenses to distant points for a story. My conscience had always compelled me to give something else to make up for my inability to give on-the-spot coverage of stories. That "something else" was —myself. And so my articles were invariably distilled through an intensely personal filter. It is practically impossible for me to keep myself out of anything I write today; and, as my eldest daughter frequently croaks, I "have an opinion about everything," and I'm "not necessarily handicapped by lack of the facts."

THE Montgomery boycotters marched exultantly from March into May, and as suddenly as they made their decision to march, I broke my halter. The *Tribune* of April 23, 1956, carried a front-page, black-face box:

OH I WISH I WERE IN DIXIE

The *Tribune* of April 30 carried another front-page, black-faced box:

TRIBBY IN DIXIE

Hardly was that issue on the street when my plane was setting down in Montgomery. I had put the paper "to bed," with something left over for the next issue, and boarded a plane the night before in Los Angeles,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with money contributed entirely by *Tribune* subscribers who subscribed for friends and over-subscribed their own accounts as much as five years to send me South.

As we walked through the underground tunnels leading to the runway gate at Los Angeles International Airport, my husband let me know that I was to operate "as per usual" —with the throttle wide open.

He was what you might call the uncomplaining sort.

When the doctor confirmed my third pregnancy, he had said, inexplicably, "The ideal family is one girl and one boy. We had that. Now you've gone and gotten pregnant with a third child. It sort of messes things up."

That was the last overt criticism I was to receive from him.

Even after I had presented him with a neatly divided family of three boys and three girls, after two political campaigns (for the State Assembly and for the City Council) which I persuaded him to enter successively and unsuccessfully, throughout a running battle with the Los Angeles Police Department over its mishandling of Negro prisoners, despite the dozens of enemies I made and the thousands of dollars I was costing the *Tribune* in advertising and payola, he never uttered another word which might be regarded as censure, other than to suggest one day that he ought to wear a sign, as he walked to lunch past the row of bookie joints whose operations I had severely crippled, "Not responsible for the enemies my wife makes."

But that night as we walked to my plane to Montgomery, I looked at him and was conscious of a distance between us. His usually bland eyes bore a look of reproach, and I read in them, "Why are you putting us to all this inconvenience for a bunch of walking jokers?" It was at that moment that a divorce was begun.

NEGROES have been likened in pulpit oratory to "all the colors of the rainbow." They fall into all social, economic, educational, cultural categories. They come in all sizes and shapes, and in the usual four sexes —male, female and the in-betweens.

But the real touchstone of what they are is: "how they feel about the brother."

And how they feel about "the brother" has nothing to do with blood, color, station in life, geography or education. Some of the whitest-skinned Negroes I know have the strongest feelings for the race. Some Negroes in whom the African strain runs absolutely undiluted despise all Negroes, including themselves.

Some poor Negroes feel nothing when an Athens, Ga., erupts like a volcano because of the appearance on a college campus of two innocuous Negroes. And I have known affluent, educated, Northern Negroes to cry at the picture of Elizabeth Eckford turning away from the troops blocking her way to an education in Little Rock, Arkansas, and walking bravely in her ballerina slippers and daintily billowing dress down the gauntlet of a howling mob.

I faced it at that moment: Montgomery meant nothing to my husband. He hadn't heard the signal to rise. "The brother" meant nothing to him. He didn't feel the emotion pulsing rhythmically under his skin when the halting, crippled words of a front-line fighter like Moses Wright, the ancient uncle of Emmett Till, were lined out like a hymn at a mass meeting:

> I said to myself:
> A man's got to die,
> He might as well go out the right way.

He could only say pedantically that it was all a part of the "struggle against man's inhumanity to man." But he could not exult in the struggle. He was, in point of fact, one of its victims; and they walk the streets of Harlem, the South Side of Chicago, the East and West Side and Watts and View Park and Leimert Park of Los Angeles, by the thousands—just as the dead lie row on row in the cemeteries of the world.

BUT these were thoughts which took shape months and years later as I struggled through the tortuous remaking of myself which follows divorce. For the moment, as I went toward my plane, I merely registered on my consciousness an impression of spiritual distance.

Montgomery, itself, continued the deep revolution inside me.

In no time I conceived the thesis, "Montgomery Is the Happiest City in the World"—the title of a series of articles I did on the boycott.

There, the concept came to me of a gentler Negro society than I had ever known in my years on the South Side of Chicago and the East Side of Los Angeles, or had ever seen in the Harlem of New York, the Rampart Street of New Orleans, Cleveland's Central Avenue, San Francisco's Fillmore Street.

Montgomery was happy, I wrote, because its Negroes had thrown off their chains and were standing tall and walking tall, like free men.

The elixir of self-determination which ran through them touched the whites, too, especially the women, who were tentatively friendly, gently sympathetic, smiling in the stores and on the streets where (Montgomery having been at the close of the Civil War a checkerboard of hastily staked-out homesteads) Negroes and whites live and traffic in juxtaposition.

And Montgomery's Negro community was quiet and peaceful—crime had miraculously all but disappeared—not only because the boycott made Negroes reluctant to be on the street at night, where they were prey to cruising gangs of white racist

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hoodlums, but because the very act of saying no to Jim Crow had released tensions which previously rubbed against each other and burst into sporadic violence.

The boycott occupied everyone's thoughts, and there was so much joy over the success of it, the very simplicity of it, the easiness of it—just walking in freedom or thumbing a ride or riding in community in a car pool—that the May air seemed softer and sweeter.

There in Montgomery, and since arriving here in Tuskegee, where we shop unharrassed by white truculence in a Negro-owned, cooperatively established market, the thought occurred to me that Negroes are by nature a quiet people, our reputation for loud and boisterous living notwithstanding.

Stumbling over the red clay and brick sidewalks of Montgomery, I listened in wonder as housewives called softly, graciously and with unfailing courtesy and concern to one another from front porches: "How're you today, Miz Gresham? How is little James? Did his cold get all right?"

The old women of Montgomery are sweet, their thin, soft hair framing gentle faces in which the red clay of Alabama's soil seems to gleam; their lips set softly in patience, sweetness and strength, work-worn hands folded over the badge of womanly dignity—their purses. The young women are lovely, with a natural womanliness which rises to their men just as the Alabama dawn, sleepily and sensuously hugging the earth, is coaxed up by the warm strength of the sun.

"The men of Montgomery," I wrote, with a sudden gladness, "are lovers." And I got up from my improvised desk in the Montgomery hotel room which I shared with cockroaches as big as crickets, suddenly remembering one of Alabama's sons whom I knew in Los Angeles, remembering him as invading my thoughts, looming up suddenly from nowhere, unbidden to my mind—tall, slender, brown, with smiling eyes. Like death thought to have been left behind in a market place, I had kept an appointment with my destiny in Alabama.

I left Montgomery enamored of the South, but lost in a daydream of love which I then felt must have possessed me for at least three years, causing restless nights, vapors of sadness, delicate filigrees and traceries of unnamed happiness, the muskiness of strange emotions.

But life has a way of letting you play it by ear once—in your salad days.

You walk across a vacant lot, gay with wild flowers, cactus blooms, flowering weeds—pastels spring up like dime-store bargains in California—and see a young man with a certain something, and you say, "That's the man I'm going to marry"; and you're not surprised when you do.

You boast as a child, "I'm going to have six children"; and you would be surprised and affronted by life if you didn't.

But after the first love, the first job, the first litter, you're on your own, and life begins to pitch 'em low across the plate and just inside enough to be hard to hit.

Which was the way my Alabama went.

BUT THE dream persisted, and finally I decided I was in love with a geography and a way of life and a battle begun now in earnest by a people too long denied by their own; and so we started out for Tuskegee.

We were cruising along Highway 99, nearing Blythe in California, and on the four new Sears tires I felt so secure that I moved the battered 1953 Lincoln into an unaccustomed sixty, then seventy.

"Aw, come on, Mom. See if it will do eighty!"

"Hey, Mom, that man passed us. He must be doing ninety."

"Holy cow, Mom—eighty-five!"

Yeah.

Like there was a snap, hardly audible, and then sounds like we were dropping tin cans along the road from beneath the hood. So I pulled over to the side and stopped.

That was as far as she went. There was a thin trail of rust back about fifteen yards. The engine had split. After a long, fruitless wait, in which our frantic waving and yelling went begging, the two "big kids" (thirteen and sixteen) set out to walk. "Those lights can't be over five or ten miles, Mom." (They turned out to be thirty-four.)

They were picked up by two migrant workers on the way to Florida to find work. "Nobody stops for nobody on a California highway," they sympathized.

A tow truck came out from Blythe, where the autopsy was performed and the diagnosis given: "New engine on this y'ere model, $500. Used one, ef'n you kin fin' one down here in Bly-y-the, $350."

We sold the car for $100 and bought bus tickets, with me contracting to hold "Poochie," the baby, age four, whenever the bus was full.

Twenty-six hundred miles, as the Greyhound sprints, up and across the desolate wastes of "Nawth" Texas, the equally desolate wastes of Arkansas, where even the parking space behind the bus terminals is "reserved for white cars"; across the sodden Mississippi into Tennessee, and down again into Mississippi—at night, thank God, when I could resist the children's pleas to let them get out. The driver threw the huge bus through the mean little towns of Toupelo, Tremont, etc. as if he didn't like the stop signs which loomed up suddenly at roadside, huge letters blazing, "MISSISSIPPI LAW. STOP"—like an extra dimension of the law, man. Like, like you ain't kidding, Jack. They play it their way down here.

AND INTO Alabama, where even Birmingham, the dirty windows of its "Colored Waiting Room, Interstate Passengers" contrasting sharply with the gilt-lettered, gleaming-windowed "White Waiting Room," looked good.

In Texas, we had run smack dab into the children's first experience with Jim Crow.

We piled off for dinner in a town we hadn't heard of before: Big Springs, Texas.

There it was, displayed inside the terminal in shocking, shabby, undemocratic, un-Christian, dehumanizing contrast: "White Dining Room — Colored Lunchroom." All we glimpsed of the latter was a lone light bulb failing miserably to light mustard-colored walls.

"I'm not going inside there," I

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

snapped and led the way inside the bright and cheerful white dining room.

It was cafeteria-style, and we stepped right into the line.

A waitress rushed from behind the counter, flipping her apron as if she were about to shoo away some chickens.

"You can't come in here," she shrilled.

"Why not?" I asked, feeling, and yet not thinking about it, that I spoke out of a deep reservoir of inviolable right and courage.

"Because you ca-in't, that's all," she said in that flat, i-laced enunciation which is the Southern white's dialect, and which is harsh with the severity he feels is called for from him in order to maintain the image of racial superiority, and thus lacks the relaxed amiability which softens Southern Negro speech.

"That place there is for you," indicating the "Colored Lunchroom."

"I am not going to eat in there," I said, speaking very firmly and positively. "I will not be segregated." I added severely, "you are violating the law."

"How?" The waitress appeared genuinely puzzled.

"We are interstate passengers, and you have no right to segregate us," I said. "There is a Supreme Court ruling which says you haven't the right."

I was conscious that my children's eyes were on me. I had the feeling that I was speaking to them and for their futures, as well as in defense of our rights.

THE waitress looked back helplessly at a woman who stood behind a steaming dish, but who wore no uniform. The woman rushed forward. In a Mexican accent, and with a good deal more hostility than the waitress, she said: "Well, I don't care. You won't be served here."

"Then," said I, "we'll just stand here until we are served."

At this, she made a kind of helpless gesture and in a conciliatory tone, indicating a tray of prepared sandwiches, juices, milk and the coffee urn, said, "If you'll just come over here, we'll give you some sandwiches and something to drink."

I knew I had scored a point or so; but I still was not willing to accept the compromise. Aware, however, of the plight of my fellow passengers, who were lined up behind my children, I stepped out of line, saying, "No. I want the same freedom of choice you give to anyone else. But I won't stand in the way of anyone getting his dinner. We will just sit down here until we are served."

With that, we sat down at the first table, the children moving obediently and as if they were stricken dumb.

Their reactions, registered absently on the retina of my memory, were interesting. Michele, the oldest, looked proud and triumphant, as if she had just completed a march to, say, the Speaker's rostrum of the Mississippi State Legislature. Michael and Melanie, the usually voluble ten-year-old, looked slightly apprehensive, as if they were sitting on the edge of a smoking crater. Mia, the eight-year-old, seemed to gather herself about her, like an Indian folding his tribal robes, and sat slightly apart, but intently watching the proceedings (this reaction later became significant to me, in light of the further impact of segregation on this child). Mark, a busily inquisitive seven-year-old, fidgeted on his seat, with one leg draped unconcernedly in the aisle and—as he was to do later in every white waiting room we entered—thoroughly investigated the mechanics of everything within reach, just as though the racial crisis did not exist. "Poochie," whose proper name is Lucius Walter Lomax, III, but who got his nickname when his father said he "wouldn't wish that name on a dog," is an outsize four-year-old with a monumental self-possession. He took it all in avidly, and later described it comprehensively to a soldier on the bus. "We were sitting there," he said, "because the lady wouldn't offer us any dinner."

MEANWHILE, the food line moved silently forward, the silence broken only by a request for a dish or a drink. Then I got up and asked the woman behind the counter for the name of the manager, stating that I intended to sue. The woman without a uniform gave me her name and identified herself as the proprietor.

I sat back down and surveyed the diners. They all ate studiously, their faces empty. None looked our way, except a Jewish woman who had smiled at us earlier on the trip. Now she sat at the table closest to us and looked at us the whole time she ate, her face totally without expression.

I saw no other demonstration of interest by a white person, although Michele later said "that good-looking Marine officer" put his tray down when he reached the food and sat without eating at one of the tables until bus time. Michael, however, conjectured that perhaps it made the Marine "sick" to eat in a room where Negroes were sitting.

Meanwhile, a young and obviously Northern-oriented Negro woman, who had been on the bus when we got on at Blythe, entered the dining room and approached us. "What's the trouble?" she asked. I told her. She made the rather mysterious statement that "we paid more for our tickets than they," indicating the whites, before turning around and going out. She passed up the Negro lunchroom and stood about the terminal until bus time.

FOUR NEGRO men—including two servicemen, one in uniform, returning home to Birmingham from Okinawa—marched through to the Negro lunchroom without throwing a glance our way. (Later, on the bus, where they gave me their names and addresses and consented to be witnesses in a suit, they excused themselves on the grounds that had they done what we did, they would have gone to jail.)

At the phone behind our backs, the proprietor had been busy. Soon I glimpsed a tall man in a sombrero bearing down on us through a companionway beyond the steam tables. He had a face like a monkey wrench, features clamped down on each other, and a raw, wrinkled skin like that of a newborn.

I eyed him without too much concern. For some strange reason, I had no fear. One thought for myself strayed through my mind during our exchange and as he stood over me, and that was that maybe he might take it into his head to hit me or yank me up, and maybe I had better

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stand up because I was in a bad position to defend myself.

"What's the trouble h'yah?" he addressed me.

"We have been refused service and are sitting here until we are served," I answered.

Jerking his head in the direction of the Negro facility, he said, "Y'all eat in there."

"I have no intention of eating in there," I said. "Segregation of interstate passengers is against the law; I don't intend to be Jim Crowed."

He seemed to swell with exasperation and inarticulation. "Well, you won't eat in here," he said. "Git on out of here and go on down the street some place."

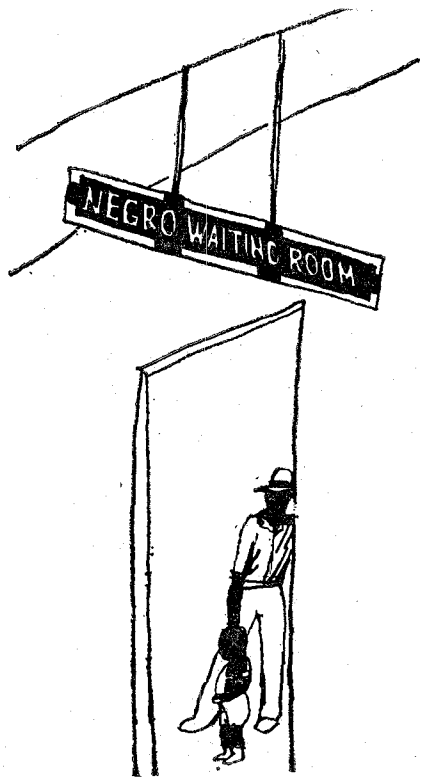
"You can't tell me what to do!" I said in sincere affront.

The answer seemed to make him uneasy. Perspiration broke out on his forehead. He pushed his hat back and said in some confusion, "I was jes' giving you some advice."

"I didn't ask you for your advice," I snapped fiercely.

He turned abruptly and tramped off in his Texas boots, going behind the counter to use the phone.

By now, an audience had gathered in the waiting room. It was composed of the four Negro men, who had milk cartons or sandwiches in their hands, the Negro woman, and



a group of local denizens, including a fat Mexican fellow, who watched us with an expression of delight.

Almost before the Texan hung up the phone, four policemen, looking ridiculously like Hollywood versions of Texas Rangers, materialized at the door. With the deliberation of cops "casing a joint," two of them walked into the dining room, while the others prowled about.

I remember thinking, "Well, they could put us in jail." Then I deliberately relaxed against the back of my chair and ignored them.

Melanie bugged her eyes as they passed by her and whispered, "Ooo, the cops."

"So what?" I said, squelchingly.

"They could put us in jail," she whispered back.

"So what? They can't kill us," I observed coldly.

"Can't they?" Michele mocked, raising her elegantly plucked eyebrows.

I smiled and looked over at Michael, who was wearing his "I'm-with-you-all-the-way-but-why-do-you-always-have-to-make-everything-so-hard?" look.

The officers were talking to the woman proprietor, and I heard the whispered words, "You would have to sign the complaint." Apparently she was reluctant to do this, for there were Latin-flavored protests.

The officers in the waiting room came to the window and looked inquiringly at their leader. They must have gotten the signal to sit tight, for they turned and continued to prowl about the waiting room. The grinning Mexican continued to grin encouragement. The other passengers finished eating and walked past us, their faces still blank. The Negro men stood now in that feigned indifference and relaxation affected by Negro men in the presence of tension. But you could see that they were alert and anxious.

The Negro woman paced a small rectangle nervously, her eyes on my children. You could see that she expected me to be led away to jail, and I knew she would step forward and offer to look after the children for the rest of the journey. I smiled briefly at a picture of the "fix" that would put her in. Then, noting that the whispers behind us had resumed, I found myself yawning as if I were bored.

Just then our bus was called. We arose and, as usual, counted heads. As we filed out, I stopped at the ticket agent's desk for the address of the Greyhound Corporation, and announced our intention to sue. The agent, a woman, was surprisingly friendly. She apologized for the occurrence and expressed the wish that we would sue the woman, with whom, she said, "Everyone had trouble."

But she disavowed Greyhound's connection with the cafe. Greyhound, it seems, claims to be many different corporations, all of them independent of each other. It disavows control over terminals, although most terminals bear signs saying "Greyhound Bus Terminal," or, in the larger cities, "Greyhound Post House." In El Paso, the corporation tips its mitt with a sign over the wash bowls, urging that suggestions for improvement of the facilities, or complaints, be sent to the Greyhound Corporation in New York.

FROM mid-Texas, 90 per cent of the new passengers were Negro. Each one walked straight toward the back and did not sit until he had reached an empty seat beside a Negro.

From Texas on, the white passengers moved forward.

When we first boarded the bus in Blythe, we hoped to preempt the back seat, which is designed for five adults and roomy enough for six children. However, one corner seat was occupied by a Negro soldier and the other by a ten-year-old white boy, bound for Memphis with his grandmother and aunt.

The grandmother and aunt sat across from me, exuding hostility. But Donald chattered and played Monopoly with Melanie until the growing frigidness of his relatives penetrated even his mind. At the first stop in Texas, we got back on the bus to find that Donald and his kin had moved up front. "Hey, Donald, what gives?" called Melanie. "Oh, I just decided to move," he said, and that was the last time Donald spoke to us.

My children sat at will around the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Signers of the Appeal to Stop the Spread of Nuclear Weapons

NOBEL LAUREATES

Max Born (Physics, Germany)
Sir Macfarlane Burnet (Med., Australia)
A. Butenandt (Chem., Germany)
P. A. Cerenkov (Physics, USSR)
Dr. John F. Enders (Med., US)
Dr. Joseph Erlanger (Med., US)
I. M. Frank (Physics, USSR)
Otto Hahn (Chem., Germany)
Gustav Hertz (Physics, Germany)
W. R. Hess (Med., Switzerland)
C. J. F. Heymans (Med., Belgium)
J. Heyrovsky (Chem., Czechoslovakia)
P. Karrer (Chem., Switzerland)
A. Kornberg (Med., US)
Hans A. Krebs (Med., GB)
Halldor Laxness (Lit., Iceland)
Tsung-Dao Lee (Physics, China)
F. A. Lipman (Med., US)
Philip Noel-Baker (Peace, GB)
Lord Boyd Orr (Peace, GB)
Linus Pauling (Chem., US)
C. F. Powell (Physics, GB)
Sir C. V. Raman (Physics, India)
Sir Robert Robinson (Chem., GB)
Bertrand Russell (Lit., GB)
L. Ruzicka (Chem., Switzerland)
Fred Sanger (Chem., GB)
Albert Schweitzer (Peace, France)
N. N. Semenov (Chem., USSR)
R. L. M. Synge (Chem., GB)
Albert Szent-Györgyi (Med., Hungary)
I. E. Tamm (Physics, USSR)
E. L. Tatum (Med., US)
Sir Alexander Todd (Chem., GB)
Harold C. Urey (Chem., US)
Thomas H. Weller (Med., US)
G. H. Whipple (Med., US)
Hideki Yukawa (Physics, Japan)
F. Zernike (Physics, Netherlands)

UNITED STATES

Prof. James W. Alexander
Mrs. Natalie Alexander
Prof. Laurence H. Aller
Prof. Edgar Anderson
Dr. John H. Arnett
Mrs. Katherine M. Arnett
Prof. James R. Arnold
Dr. Joseph C. Aub
Prof. Kenneth T. Bainbridge
Mrs. Margaret P. Bainbridge
Mrs. Adelaide N. Baker
Prof. Paul A. Baran
Joseph Barnes
Prof. H. A. Barker
Prof. G. W. Bartelmez
Mirko Basaldella
Carleton Beals
Edmund C. Berkeley
Prof. Ray A. Billington
Prof. Brand Blanshard
Prof. Konrad Bloch
Prof. N. Bloembergen
ter Blume
of. David M. Bonner
of. Edwin G. Boring
rof. M. N. Bramlette
arlon Brando
n Wyck Brooks
iamino Bufano
f. Kenneth Burke
Dr. H. Gordon Burroughs
Gertrude C. Bussey
Allan M. Butler
Henry J. Cadbury
ader Calder
er F. Carlson
Doris Carlson
ance D. Casey
Dr. Samuel McCrea Cavert
en G. Cary
Ralph E Cleland
m. W. Coblentz
L. Coe
Collier, Sr.
Edward U. Condon
Emilie Condon
rof. George W. Corner
Prof. Charles D. Coryell
Rev. Dr. Henry H. Crane
Dr. Edwin T. Dahlberg
Dr. William C. Davidon
Prof. Norman Davidson
Prof. Jerome Davis
Prof. Hallowell Davis
Prof. Max Delbrück
Prof. David M. Dennison
Babette Deutsch
Prof. L. Harold DeWolf
Prof. J. L. Doob
Mary E. Dreier
Prof. Richard Drinnon
Dr. W. E. B. DuBois
Dr. Rene Dubos
Bishop Clarence E. Duffy, D.D.
Prof. Carl O. Dunbar
Dr. Theodore Dunham, Jr.
Cyrus Eaton
Mrs. Cyrus S. Eaton
Prof. Kermit Eby
Prof. Franklin Edgerton
Prof. John T. Edsall
Prof. Thomas I. Emerson
Mrs. Ruth Calvin Emerson
Prof. Katherine Esau
Philip Evergood
Prof. P. P. Ewald
Prof. Maurice Ewing
Sidney B. Fay
Jules Feiffer
Prof. W. O. Fenn
Lawrence Ferlinghetti
Prof. Herman Feshbach
Prof. Thomas Frances, Jr.
Waldo Frank
Stephen H. Fritchman
Dr. Erich Fromm
Prof. Raymond Fuoss
Prof. Marshall Gates
Dr. Philip Randall Giles
Dr. James Gilluly
Josiah W. Gitt
Mrs. Josiah W. Gitt
Prof. David R. Goddard
Shirley Graham
Dr. E. Adelaide Hahn
Prof. Victor Hamburger
Prof. Alfred B. Harbage
Prof. Garrett Hardin
Mrs. Jane S. Hardin
Prof. Herbert S. Harned
Mark Harris
Prof. Robert J. Havighurst
Prof. Philip B. Hawk
Prof. Michael Heidelberger
Francis Heister
Prof. George L. Hendrickson
Dr. Frances W. Herring
Dr. John P. Herring
Prof. M. J. Herskovits
General Hugh B. Hester
Carmelita Hinton
Prof. William E. Hocking
Dr. John Haynes Holmes
Prof. Johannes Holtfreter
Lillian M. Howell
Dr. R. J. Huebner
B. W. Huebsch
Dr. Robert Hutchins
J. Stuart Inverst
Prof. Herbert Jehle
Byron L. Johnson
Mrs. Hope A. Johnson
Prof. John R. Johnson
Dr. Herman M. Kalckar
Prof. Ernst Kantorowicz
Prof. Edwin C. Kemble
Robert W. Kenny
Prof. Charles Kittel
George G. Kirstein
Dr. Flemmie P. Kittrell
Prof. Adolph Knopf
Prof. I. M. Kolthoff
Prof. Konrad B. Krauskopf
Dr. Walter D. Lambert
Prof. Victor K. La Mer
Dr. Corliss Lamont
Mrs. Annrita Lardy
Prof. Henry Lardy
Dr. John Howland Lathrop, D.D.
Mrs. Lita Lathrop
Prof. K. J. Latourette
Prof. Owen Lattimore
Prof. Richmond Lattimore
Mrs. Eulah Croson Laucks
Irving F. Laucks
Rt. Rev. W. Appleton Lawrence
Pro. Chauncey D. Leake
Prof. Michael Lerner
Prof. S. C. Lind
Dr. M. Albert Linton
Katherine M. Littell
Prof. Arthur H. Livermore
Prof. Esmond R. Long
Bishop Edgar A. Love
Prof. H. J. Lucas
Prof. S. E. Luria
Dr. Helen Merrell Lynd
Prof. Curtis MacDougall
Prof. Kemp Malone
Prof. Kirtley Mather
Prof. E. J. McShane
Carey McWilliams
Stewart D. Meacham
Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn
Mrs. Alexander Meiklejohn
Prof. Matthew Meselson
Prof. C. W. Metz
Bertha L. Meyer
William H. Meyer
Rabbi Carl I. Miller
Prof. Alfred E. Mirsky
Prof. Broadus Mitchell
Prof. Ashley Montagu
Mrs. Emily Morrison
Prof. Philip Morrison
Prof. Lewis Mumford
Prof. Francis D. Murnaghan
Mrs. Grace E. Barstow Murphy
Dr. Robert Cushman Murphy
Rev. Dr. A. J. Muste
Dr. Otto Nathan
Prof. E. S. Nasset
Prof. Tomas Navarro
Janet N. Neuman
Richard J. Neutra
Prof. Melvin S. Newman
Harvey O'Connor
Prof. Charles P. Olivier
Prof. Jay Orear
Prof. Egon Orowan, F.R.S.
Prof. Erwin Panofsky
Mrs. Anita Pauling
Dr. Linus Pauling, Jr.
Dr. Orlie Pell
Dr. Clarence E. Pickett
Charles O. Porter
Prof. Charles C. Price
Kenneth Rexroth
Prof. Jonathan E. Rhoads
Prof. M. M. Rhoades
Elmer Rice
Prof. David Riesman
Prof. O. H. Robertson
Eslanda Robeson
Paul Robeson
Dr. Anne Roe
Prof. Bruno Rossi
Prof. Matthew Sands
John L. Savage
Prof. Karl Sax
Prof. Bernadotte E. Schmitt
Dr. Howard Schomer
Prof. J. R. Schramm
Dr. Jack Schubert
Prof. Robert L. Schuyler
Prof. Thorsten Sellin
Dr. Milton J. E. Senn
Ben Shahn
Paul H. Sheats
Mrs. Paul H. Sheats
Dr. Theodore Shedlovsky
Prof. David Shemin
Prof. Richard H. Shryock
Mrs. Emily Parker Simon
Prof. George Gaylord Simpson
Mrs. St. George L. Sioussat
Prof. B. F. Skinner
Mrs. Alice Kimball Smith
Prof. Cyril Stanley Smith
Prof. Philip E. Smith
Prof. T. M. Sonneborn
Prof. Pitirim A. Sorokin
Dr. Edward J. Sparling
Prof. R. W. Sperry
Prof. Joel Stebbins
Prof. Douglas V. Steere
Prof. Curt Stern
Mrs. Evelyn Stern
Prof. Julian H. Steward
Annalee Stewart
Mrs. Sylvia B. Stockmayer
Prof. Walter H. Stockkmayer
Dr. Joseph Stokes
Prof. Gilbert Stork
Paul Strand
Norman Thomas
Prof. Homer A. Thompson
Prof. Francis J. Turner
Prof. George E. Uhlenbeck
Louis Untermeyer
Dr. Mark Van Doren
Mary Van Kleeck
Prof. C. B. Van Niel
Dr. Donald D. Van Slyke
Prof. John Verhoogen
Prof. Maurice B. Visscher
Prof. George Wald
Mrs. Ruth Wald
Prof. Harry F. Ward
Prof. C. J. Watson
Margaret Webster
Prof. Victor F. Weisskopf
Prof. F. W. Went
Prof. C. H. Werkman
Prof. Ralph H. Wetmore
Elizabeth Fay Whitney
Aubrey Williams
Prof. Robley C. Williams
Prof. D. Wright Wilson
Prof. Olin C. Wilson
Dr. Oskar Wintersteiner
A. L. Wirin
Prof. Harland G. Wood
Prof. Quincey Wright
Prof. Sewall Wright
Dr. Avrahm Yarmolinsky
Mary E. Young
Prof. Oscar Zariski
Dr. Isidore Ziferstein
Prof. Bruno H. Zimm
(30 others)

OTHER COUNTRIES

More than 370 individuals from the following countries have signed:

AUSTRALIA
BELGIUM
BOLIVIA
BRAZIL
BULGARIA
BURMA
CANADA
CEYLON
COLOMBIA
CZECHOSLOVAKIA
DENMARK
FRANCE
GERMANY, WEST
GERMANY, DEM. REP.
GHANA
GREAT BRITAIN
HAITI
HUNGARY
ICELAND
INDIA
IRAN
IRELAND
ISRAEL
ITALY
JAPAN
LIBERIA
MEXICO
MONGOLIAN PEOPLES REP.
NETHERLANDS
NEW ZEALAND
NORWAY
PANAMA
POLAND
RUMANIA
SWEDEN
SWITZERLAND
UNION OF S.A.
U.S.S.R.
YUGOSLAVIA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

selves decide about the means of enforcing their decisions; more properly, a political body should make these decisions. Not all international disputes can be decided by courts, and there should be a political body with power to determine how non-legal disputes should be settled. The cost of the disarmament controls, of an international peace force and of an adequate development program is going to be tremendous, and it would be the duty of the U.N. to find the needed financial resources. If the U.N. is expected to cope with these problems, its machinery must be strengthened, and—in the President's phrase—we must "enlarge the area in which its writ may run."

THUS the peace of the world depends on finding an adequate solution to at least six problems: disarmament, international peace force, peaceful settlement of international disputes, growth of world law, more rapid development of less developed areas of the world, and the strengthening of the U.N. The Government of the United States should not limit itself, therefore, to the preparation of "serious and precise proposals for the inspection and control of arms," but must think more in terms of a coherent plan for peace containing all these elements.

Of course, there are many other problems in the world which cry out for a solution, but any further broadening of the area for immediate action would create so many additional difficulties that it might make it impossible to achieve even the minimum. We must give priority to the main task of our generation—to prevent the suicide of mankind. If this can be accomplished and a peaceful world is established, the next generation will be given a chance to start to solve other problems.

Returning to the group of problems, other than disarmament, which need to be solved if we want to have a peaceful world, priority must be given to an international peace force. While in the first stage of disarmament nations can still rely to some extent on their retaliatory forces, even during that stage some other methods would be needed for preventing or stopping limited wars. Article 43 of the U.N. Charter provided that contingents of national forces should be put at the disposal of the U.N. for that purpose. Due to a disagreement as to the size and functions of these forces, no arrangements for their creation have been negotiated; the contingents made available to the U.N. in Korea, Egypt and the Congo were provided on a voluntary basis.

When nations reach the second stage of disarmament and have to scale down even their insurance forces, they must be given an adequate guarantee that assistance will be immediately forthcoming when needed. There seems to be only one effective way to accomplish this goal—an international, highly mobile military force must be established. This force should be composed of volunteers, and it should be strong enough to prevent or stop limited wars before they explode into bigger ones. In any situation likely to endanger peace, its very presence might make it easier for contending parties to save face and cool off. It can be hoped that in most situations no actual display of force would be required, but the international force must be able to defend itself in case of an armed attack. Even where hostilities have started, the international force should not join one or the other side, but should attempt to separate the belligerents by a neutral zone.

THERE can be no doubt that the establishment of an international force will be fraught with great difficulties. Various safeguards would have to be built into its structure to insure that it would fulfill its role in an impartial and objective manner, that it would not be dominated by any group of nations, and that it would obey the orders of the competent supervisory organs. To avoid unnecessary risks, it might be useful to experiment first with a small force, and to build it up only after all the important problems have been solved to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Among the safeguards which should be considered in creating an international force, the following might prove workable:

¶The number of nationals of any nation serving in the force should at no time exceed a small percentage (e.g., 3 per cent), and some limits might be put also on the total number of nationals from certain groups of nations (e.g., members of NATO or parties to the Warsaw Treaty).

¶The immediate direction of the force should not be in the hands of any single person, but should be entrusted to a committee of five or seven persons, all of whom should be nationals of small nations, and the majority of whom should come from the noncommitted nations.

¶Units of the force should be composed to the greatest possible extent of nationals of different nations; for instance, it might be provided that no national unit in the force should exceed fifty persons.

¶The units should be stationed in international bases scattered throughout the world, located exclusively in the territories of small nations, preferably on islands or easily defensible peninsulas.

¶The world might be divided into some fifteen regions, and no less than 5 per cent or more than 10 per cent of the total strength of the force should be stationed in any region of the world.

¶There should be a standing committee of the political supervisory body to which would be entrusted the important task of keeping a close watch over the activities of the force; the selection of commanding officers and control over promotion should be in civilian hands.

EVEN more difficult than the problem of structure might be the question of determining the best means for controlling the use of an international force. It is important, while providing maximum assurance of effective use, to establish at the same time guarantees against misuse. An obstructionist minority should not be permitted to block the use of the force in an emergency, but the majority should not be allowed to violate minority rights through its arbitrary use. As far as possible, an action by the force in a crisis should be almost automatic, and no immediate decision by a political body should be necessary. One could envisage, for instance, the following approach to this problem.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

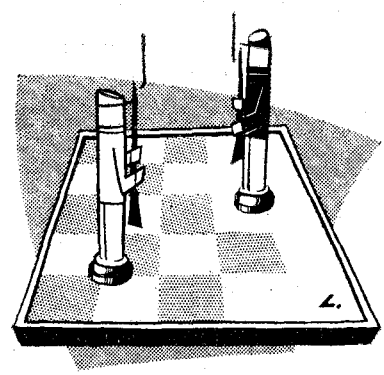
The prevailing practice of establishing a U.N. "presence" in crucial spots should be extended to all nations of the world, and several U.N. observers should be stationed in the territory of each nation. Their number would vary in proportion to the size of each national territory and to the likelihood of a conflict with a neighboring nation. If a particular observer group should have reason to believe that a military action by the nation in which it is stationed, or by a neighboring nation, is imminent, it would notify the command of the international force and would request that a contingent be deployed in the threatened area. Unless the command has evidence to the contrary, it should consider such a request as sufficient proof of an emergency and should dispatch the necessary troops. Similarly, if there should be an armed attack by one nation against another, the force command would immediately receive reports from the two observer groups in the nations involved. The command would request the belligerents to cease hostilities and would send sufficient contingents of the international force to establish a neutralized zone between them. Only if both, or one, of the belligerents should make it impossible for the force to establish such a zone, would action by a political body be necessary.

IN ANY CASE, each request for the use of the international force would have to be transmitted simultaneously to the competent political body—either to the U.N. or to a separate international security organization linked to, but essentially independent of, the U.N. The political body should be entitled to make decisions approving the use of the force, or ordering the cessation of such use, by a high majority, *but there should be no veto.* If there should be a considerable minority opposing the decision, it might be given the right to appeal to an international tribunal for an injunction.

Whenever the tribunal found that there was no sufficient basis for the use of force, it would issue an injunction and might even assess damages against the international organization which authorized such use.

One can, of course, easily imagine other methods of control over the use of an international force, and careful provisions on the subject should be embodied in the treaty establishing it. The size and functions of the force should slowly increase, in proportion to progress toward complete disarmament.

In any case, it seems clear that the President of the United States should assign high priority to the preparation of plans for an effective international peace force. In particular, it would be desirable to prepare immediately a plan for a force of 25,000, composed of African and Asian volunteers, which could replace the national contingents serving in the Congo. As a next step, a similar force might be established in Latin America; later a European force might be



added; as a final step, these forces would be welded into a single international peace force.

WHAT should be done to strengthen world law and the tribunals needed to apply it? An effective prohibition of the use of force in international relations would deprive nations of their principal past remedy against real or alleged violations of their rights and interests. Some other remedy must be provided for satisfying just grievances in this area. At present, only a minority of the nations of the world has accepted the compulsory jurisdiction of the International Court of Justice (the World Court). There are many disputes, therefore, which cannot be presented to the Court, even if they could be easily resolved by resort to generally accepted legal principles. There are also disputes which are not suitable for submission; they involve not the interpretation of a rule of international law, but a *departure* from such rule or a change in the *status quo.* They cannot be settled effectively on the basis of existing law; other means, such as mediation, conciliation or arbitration, might be called for.

As in other areas, one cannot expect immediate acceptance of the jurisdiction of international courts and arbitral tribunals over all disputes between nations. One can achieve that goal, however, by a series of progressive steps. It might be possible, for instance, to accept the jurisdiction of the World Court at least over disputes relating to the interpretation and application of international treaties. In this category of disputes, there is no doubt about the law to be applied, as the principles to be applied by the Court are embodied in the treaty itself. Almost all nations of the world, including the United States and the Soviet Union, have already accepted the jurisdiction of the Court to interpret *some* treaties between them. This proposal would broaden the jurisdiction of the Court to *all* treaties.

IN THE second place, a list of major subjects dealt with by international law might be prepared, and an agreement reached that each nation would annually select a few of them as subjects with respect to which it accepts World Court jurisdiction. Assuming, for instance, that there are thirty such subjects, a nation would select every year three which it considered least likely to endanger its national interests (e.g., consular immunities, diplomatic privileges, treatment of aliens, regime of the high seas, etc.); by the tenth year, it would be bound to accept the jurisdiction of the Court with respect to the whole range of international law. During this ten-year period, of course, the Court would be able to hear a dispute only if both parties had already accepted its jurisdiction with respect to the subject at hand. This difficulty will no longer exist, however, after ten years, as by that time all the nations will be bound with respect to all the subjects.

Theoretically, all disputes can be

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

decided by a court on the basis of law, and a party presenting a claim not based on law will lose its case. Nevertheless, a distinction is often made between "legal" and "non-legal" disputes, or between disputes about the respective legal rights and obligations of the parties and disputes involving other conflicts of interests. With the constant growth of the area governed by international law, in particular because of a rapid increase in international treaty obligations, the number of questions which are not subject to international regulation diminishes rapidly.

THERE is, however, a residuum of important disputes which even in a well-ordered society are likely to require a political solution. To find such a solution is the function of a political body rather than a court, and the U.N. Charter quite appropriately gives jurisdiction over political disputes to the Security Council and the General Assembly. But the power of these two organs in respect of disputes is limited to making recommendations and does not extend to rendering binding decisions similar to those rendered by the World Court in legal disputes. The Charter also emphasizes the fact that the Security Council and the General Assembly should not deal with the substance of a dispute, except in the last resort, and should concentrate their efforts on finding "appropriate procedures or methods of adjustment." This injunction has not always been observed by the Council and the Assembly, and experience shows that these two bodies, composed of national representatives acting in accordance with instructions of their governments, are not really qualified to deal with disputes in an objective and impartial manner. Only an organ removed from daily political controversies and free from the temptation of arriving at final decisions through political deals between various blocs could be trusted to find a solution free from bias and treating all concerned in an equitable manner.

It might be desirable to have two separate bodies for dealing with the substance of political disputes. In the first place, a World Conciliation Board might be established, with broad powers to investigate all facts and to endeavor to bring the nations concerned to an amicable settlement. Once all the facts are known and objectively presented, passions may subside and the parties may find it easier to reach a settlement with the help of suggestions from the Board.

If this method does not result in a settlement, another approach may be tried. The Security Council or the General Assembly would first make the preliminary decision that the dispute in question is likely to endanger peace and must, therefore, be settled before it reaches the explosive stage. Then the Council or Assembly would refer the matter to a World Arbitral Tribunal, composed of some fifteen persons, preferably well-known elder statesmen whose experience and reputation would furnish the best assurance of impartiality and breadth of view. The Tribunal would consider all aspects of the dispute and would prepare recommendations for a comprehensive solution, based on what it deemed reasonable, just and fair to all concerned.

IT MIGHT fairly be expected that these recommendations would have such great moral weight that the parties would not dare to reject them. Failing their acceptance by one or both of the parties, the matter would be referred to the General Assembly, which might deem the situation so dangerous and the solution proposed by the Tribunal so satisfactory that it would be willing to impose it. Such a decision by the Assembly should require a preponderant majority of votes (three-fourths, four-fifths or even five-sixths), the majority to include two-thirds of the major powers (e.g., of the twelve or twenty largest nations). The decision could be enforced, if necessary, by economic sanctions or even by a limited use of the international force. Pressure for voluntary acceptance would be so strong, however, that resort to forcible means of execution should seldom be required.

While in this general area progress might be slower than in the area of judicial settlement of legal disputes, it might be possible to devise various stages for progressive acceptance of the jurisdiction of the World Conciliation Board and the World Arbitral Tribunal. As in legal disputes, each nation might be permitted to choose which disputes it would be willing to submit immediately to these methods of settlement and which it would like to postpone to a later stage. But after a specified period of years, all disputes would become subject to the jurisdiction of the Board and the Tribunal.

FINALLY, it would be necessary to develop those rules of world law which relate to the problems of peace and security. In the 1940s, the United States encouraged the U.N. to prepare a declaration of the principal rights and duties of states and a code of offenses against the peace and security of mankind; later, the United States withdrew its support when the Soviet Union presented parallel proposals advocating a broad definition of aggression and a code of coexistence. Apart from a dispute about nomenclature, the problems dealt with in all these proposals are identical and their object is the same — to define more precisely what actions by nations and governments should be prohibited because they injure other nations or their people.

If the semantic differences can be clarified, it may be possible to arrive at a consensus on the rules which must be codified in order to enable international tribunals, the U.N. and the international peace force to apply commonly agreed criteria when dealing with threats to the peace, breaches of the peace and acts of aggression. The President of the United States should order a reconsideration of our policy in this area and should appoint a competent task force to draft a coherent system of rules needed to establish — in his own phrase — a "world of law, where the strong are just and the weak secure and the peace preserved."

THE establishment of new rules of world law and of international tribunals with broad jurisdiction over disputes between nations would remove one of the important excuses for resorting to the use or threat of force. But there are many grievances

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which require a different method of approach. In particular, as long as there is a tremendous gap between the standards of living in a few industrialized nations and those prevailing in the rest of the world, dissatisfaction, envy and hatred will continue to brew rebellion. The information about the possibilities of a better life is spreading quickly around the world, and it makes the present conditions of substandard existence in the underdeveloped areas more intolerable than in past eras of ignorance and apathy. In a world of increasing unrest there can be but small hope for real peace; drastic measures are needed before it is too late.

With our present knowledge, this is no longer an impossible task, but one which can be accomplished through a sustained effort in the field of technical and financial assistance. If some $20 to $25 billion could be guaranteed annually for such assistance, there would be not only a chance for an immediate improvement of the living conditions of some two billion persons, but what is more important, this development program would bring to those persons the hope that better things would soon be within their reach and that their children would live in a better world.

THOUGH the sum proposed above appears large, it constitutes only one-fifth or one-fourth of the present military budgets of the major powers. Should there be an agreement on disarmament, this sum could be made easily available from savings on arms expenditures. Allocation of funds for development projects might also prove useful in facilitating transition from arms production to peaceful production and would help to avoid a dangerous sudden slump in industry and manufacture. Though some savings from disarmament might be spent quite satisfactorily at home, a sufficient margin should still be available for use in the underdeveloped areas.

To make sure that the sums needed would actually be available, it would be desirable to include in the basic agreement on disarmament definite provisions specifying the percentage of disarmament savings (or of national production) which would be transferred to an international development authority for the purpose of assistance to developing nations. The agreement should also indicate the priorities to be observed by the authority, the methods to be followed by the authority in allocating the funds to various areas of the world, and the procedures to be used by the authority to insure that the funds are spent for the purposes for which they were allocated. Only in this manner would it be possible to fulfill the President's pledge to help the developing nations to help themselves. As he rightly said, "if a free society cannot help the many who are poor, it cannot save the few who are rich."

THE LAST issue to be considered is that of strengthening the U.N. Most of the changes proposed above can be accomplished without any changes in the Charter; they can easily be embodied in supplementary treaties. But if an agreement can be reached on the new powers to be exercised, there should be little difficulty in making the required changes in the Charter. It would be necessary either to establish new U.N. organs or to reconsider the structure and procedure of its existing organs.

In particular, it might be necessary to enlarge the composition of the Security Council to insure that on the one hand, all major powers (including, e.g., India, People's Republic of China, West Germany) would be permanently represented and, on the other hand, all regions of the world (including Eastern Europe, Asia and Africa) would be adequately represented among the non-permanent members.

It would also seem desirable to investigate the possibility of introducing a system of weighted voting in the General Assembly to insure that the smaller nations do not abuse their preponderant majority in that body. It might be required, for instance, that the new powers to be conferred on the General Assembly by the proposals made above should be exercised not by an ordinary two-thirds majority, but by a special majority including both a majority of the smaller nations and a majority of the Big Powers. Alternatively, each nation might be assigned a certain number of votes on the basis of population, industrial power, or some other factors or a combination of them. Either of these methods would make it easier for the Big Powers to accept the decisions of the General Assembly, and would facilitate their enforcement.

THE suggestions for a more stable world order which are outlined above represent the minimum necessary to insure peace. They contemplate only such limitations on national governments as are required to prevent them from destroying the human race, and provide instead honorable ways for satisfying their just demands.

For the first time in history mankind is confronted with the fact that the cost of even a victorious war exceeds any price that nations may have to pay for peace. All the peoples of the world want peace, and their governments slowly, if reluctantly, have come to the conclusion that they must accede to this demand. The only thing that is still needed is to devise the methods which are required for maintaining peace in these new circumstances. The proposals made here seek to present a basis for a more thorough discussion of the crucial questions. Before an agreement can be reached, many problems will have to be considered and many new solutions will have to be explored.

In deciding what should be done, our President might wish to keep in mind George Washington's injunction: "It is too probable that no plan we propose will be adopted. Perhaps another dreadful conflict is to be sustained. If to please the people, we offer what we ourselves disapprove, how can we afterwards defend our work? Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair. The event is in the hand of God." If an effective plan is offered and properly explained to the people, they will again rally to their President's call; and if the plan is an impartial one, with the good of all humanity as its goal, no nation would dare to oppose it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A GERMAN in ALGERIA . . *by Alexander Werth*

Paris, March 17

EVER SINCE his five-hour conversation with de Gaulle at Rambouillet, President Bourguiba of Tunisia has continued to be (or has tried to sound) extremely optimistic about the prospects of an early Franco-Algerian settlement. But this optimism is not wholly shared by the Moroccans, still less by the Algerian Nationalist Government itself; the skepticism is reflected in the cautious communiqué issued after the Rabat meeting between Bourguiba, Ferhat Abbas (the Algerian spokesman) and the new young King of Morocco, Hassan II. Even the wording of this communiqué, with its conditionals ("there *should* now be no obstacles . . ." etc.) was agreed upon only after three hours' often rather angry discussions between Ferhat Abbas and Bourguiba.

The secret, low-level talks that have already taken place will undoubtedly evolve into negotiations at higher level under more formal conditions. The demonstrations given to Bourguiba on his return to Tunis were clearly designed to create the psychological impression that there's no backing away, now, from these negotiations. All this is to the good; yet formidable obstacles remain to be overcome.

In Paris, worry is expressed about guarantees that the Army is demanding from de Gaulle which the Algerian Provisional Government cannot accept. The Algerians already regard the French proposals for the timing and nature of the cease fire as a trap. The Army, on the other hand, is unlikely to agree to the Algerian demand that it be reduced rapidly from the 700,000-man force now in Algeria to the 1954 level of 60,000. There is also considerable uncertainty regarding the machinery whereby self-determination can be carried out honestly. The Algerians are convinced that a really honest procedure would result in an absolutely independent Algeria; the French still hope for an Algeria in which they would continue to hold important places in government and some kind of economic hegemony. At the same time, de Gaulle is by now convinced that if guarantees for the European minorities must be enforced, only the Algerian Provisional Government, with its immense hold over the Algerian masses, can do it.

A FACT which is often overlooked in this whole Algerian tangle is what FLN representatives recently described to me in Tunis as the "psychological obstacles" to agreement. Too much human bitterness and resentment have been accumulated during six and a half years of war to make it possible for the Algerian Government to be as trusting and optimistic as Bourguiba is (or appears to be). No doubt, both Tunisia and Morocco have also had their very bad moments of French domination. But the atrocities they suffered affected at most a few thousand people. In Algeria, on the other hand, they have affected hundreds of thousands—one might even say millions, if one includes the *ratissages* of hundreds of villages by paratroopers and the Foreign Legion, and the fact that more than 1,500,000 Algerians are now living (often in terrible conditions) in over 2,000 so-called "regroupment camps." Then there are the prisons and concentration camps, with their additional thousands of Algerians. And despite all the assurances given nearly three years ago by M. Malraux that torture "has stopped since de Gaulle has taken over," it has not stopped at all, as we know from the Audin affair, the Alleg case and countless other pieces of evidence. In this connection I cannot but recall a particularly grim experience during my last visit to Algeria.

This happened on January 10 of this year, during my last day at Bône, in Eastern Algeria, two days after the referendum. I was walking along the handsome Cours Bertagna—which is like a piece of *la belle France* planted in the middle of Algeria—when I saw a dozen soldiers of the Foreign Legion in their green berets buzzing around the big newspaper kiosk and snatching up all the German periodicals—*Quick*, the *Münchener Illustrierte*, and others. I stopped and addressed in German a particularly pleasant-looking young man, fair, blue-eyed, with delicate features, almost cherubic-looking. He seemed pleased to be addressed in his native language by a civilian, and we sat down on a café terrace and ordered coffee and cognac. "Terribly hard," he said, "to get German papers. We are right out in the mountains fighting the *fellaghas*. We don't get anything there, so it's quite a treat to come to a nice city like Bône for a couple of days. But it isn't as good as Algiers; there they have a big international bookstore where you can get anything; here the choice is very limited."

HE ASKED me who I was, and I explained.

"You come from Western Germany?" I asked. "Yes," he said. I queried: "With business booming in Western Germany, why did you join the Foreign Legion?" "Ah, well," he answered evasively, "there were personal circumstances." I did not press the point, nor did I ask what place in Western Germany he came from. "I suppose," I remarked, "that the Foreign Legion and the French paratroopers are the really hardened troops who have to do most of the tough fighting in Algeria?" "You're damn right," he said, "most of those French conscripts are a lot of softies—maybe they're all right for sentry work, but not much else. Up in the mountains we have to be as hard as nails. You know, the mountains are covered with snow; and we have to sleep in our sleeping-bags in the open—5, 10, 20 degrees below."

"Do you speak French?" I asked.

"Not much. I've only been at it for two years, and we Germans aren't good linguists as a rule. Nearly 90 per cent of the Foreign Legion are Germans; but we also have a few others—Spaniards, Hungarians. The Hungarians—they escaped from Bu-

ALEXANDER WERTH, author of several books on France, is The Nation's *European correspondent.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dapest in '56—are wonderful linguists: speak French like Frenchmen after a few months. We Germans seem to get around everywhere! Do you know that among the *fellaghas* there are quite a few Germans—some of the elderly men—SS-men who got away after World War II?"

"Is a lot of fighting still done in the mountains?" I ventured.

"Oh, yes. There's still some, even though the French officially say that the war is practically over—and won. Only—this isn't war, this is murder [*Das ist kein Krieg, das ist Mord*]. When we are sent out on punitive [*Vergeltung*] expeditions—that's *something*, I can tell you."

"Do you take a lot of prisoners?"

"I don't know about other parts of the Legion, but in our unit we do not take prisoners. That's to say, we take them, but we don't *keep* them. The point about prisoners is that you've got to get information out of them. So we have to use torture—without torture it's just no good [*Es geht überhaupt nicht*]. I find that water torture is much more effective than all those electric gadgets. Water torture really knocks them completely silly. There was one *fellagha* who pretended he didn't understand French—a minute or two of water torture, and he broke into perfect French!"

"Then," I said, "what happens afterwards, when you've got your information?"

"Well, you see it's like this. We can't let the guy go. He'll start telling everybody what we've done to him."

"So what do you do—shoot him?"

"Sometimes we do that and sometimes—" he passed his long, almost feminine hand across his throat. "It's an old Arab custom." He smiled, angelically.

I LOOKED at that hand with a gold signet ring and an expensive wristwatch; then I looked at his face. He was calmly sipping his cognac.

"As a *soldat de deuxième classe*," he continued, "we make quite a lot of money. Full keep, and 25,000 francs a month. It isn't much according to civilian ideas, but the paratroopers get less, and the ordinary conscripts a mere pittance—5,000 francs, I believe. And we haven't much to spend the money on. And what's more, we have extras. When we go on those punitive expeditions and destroy some of those lousy, stinking *mechtas*, we invariably find some money there. Or you shoot down an Arab; he is covered with rags and he stinks, but if you look inside his shoes, you often find 20,000, 30,000, 50,000 francs. And once we even discovered something of an FLN war chest—nearly 1,500,000 francs. We shared it out among ourselves. Of course, we are supposed to hand over such finds to the authorities; but our officers turn a blind eye when such things happen."

"And when you destroy a village, do you kill women and children, too?"

"No, *en principe*, as the French say, we don't; occasionally it happens all the same." He paused, musing. "Of course, the Arabs are funny guys. Funny how their minds work—so unlike our European minds. When they kill a prisoner, they cut off his hands, nose, ears and genitals. They've got the idea that if a man hasn't got his genitals, he can't go to heaven. Barbaric superstitions!"

"How do you like being in the Legion?"

"Oh, not too bad—a job like any other. Of course, the nervous strain is quite serious. Some of our fellows have white hair by the time they are twenty-eight or twenty-nine. I am only twenty-four, and by the time I am twenty-seven, I'll be out of it."

"Why, what will you do then?"

"Oh, start some business."

"What, here in Algeria?"

"Probably not. It's a nice enough country, but the country really belongs to the Arabs, and all the property that's any good at all belongs to the French; so they'll probably go on fighting over it for years yet. No, I'd rather go to South America, or Spain perhaps. . . ."

At this point I somehow lost interest in his story and said I'd have to go. "No, no," he said, "you must have another coffee and cognac—this time on me. I assure you we have more money than we can spend. And it's so nice to come to a nice civilized city like Bône."

"Thanks," I said, "I really must go. Maybe we'll meet again." I shook his long, delicate, feminine hand. It felt a bit sticky. Or maybe I was only imagining it.

You can lead a camel to water, but . . .

THIS IS the faithful record of a conversation. I should like to think that every word this cherubic young German uttered was a lie. But I'm afraid it was all true. Any committee of inquiry—if it cares to take the trouble—can easily identify the unit and even the person whom I have mentioned. All I want to say now is that there has been so much beastliness (yes, some of it on the *other* side, too) that it is scarcely surprising that there should be so much distrust on the Algerian side.

Perhaps one of the best things that could happen, once the Algerian war ends, would be the disbanding of the Foreign Legion. Already the Algerian Government is determined to ask the French, whatever timetable may be decided upon for the withdrawal of the French Army from Algeria, to remove the Foreign Legion and the paratroopers first. No doubt, many of the more desperate characters in both will still find scope for their usual activities. The fact that the notorious Colonel Trinquier, one of the heroes of the Algiers *putsch* of May '58—notorious for torture and other bestiality—should have volunteered to become "commander-in-chief" of the "Katanga Army" is significant.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS and the ARTS

Thorns of Life

SHELLEY AND HIS CIRCLE. Kenneth Neill Cameron, editor. Vols. 1 and 2; 1020 pages. Harvard University Press. $30.

George Steiner

IN SHELLEY, the man has worn better than the poet. No poet of comparable stature profits more from the omissions of anthology. Where only the best is gathered—*Julian and Maddalo*, excerpts from *Prometheus* and *The Cenci*, the savage political lampoons, parts of *Adonais*, *The Triumph of Life*, and a handful of lyric poems such as the *Ode to the West Wind*—Shelley has a matchless radiance and energy. But taken as a whole, the very profusion of his work tells against him. It exemplifies too openly the characteristic vices or facilities of the romantic temper. Often the flow of lyric invention runs to a shallow glitter; ideas are worried at, not mastered; being declared with constant, diffuse rhetoric, feelings become ostentatious. In Shelley's longer poems, notably in *The Sensitive Plant* and *Adonais*, the romantic sensibility produced clichés of violent emotion no less conventional than the pose of understatement in neo-classicism.

But Shelley the man grows in stature and fascination. The radical impulse of the age gave to his life a kind of hurtling splendor. He was the most erudite of the romantics, having a mind lightning-swift in learning yet tenacious in remembrance. He touched upon most of the political, moral and intellectual issues which give to the revolutionary and Napoleonic era its complex vitality. Being at once wealthy and beautiful, he was able to afford the luxury of eccentric feeling and heroic conviction. Above all, he possessed a rare, fine-grained courage. There is much waste and folly in Shelley's brief life, but nothing mean.

That life has been massively chronicled in Newman I. White's *Shelley* (1940). There was scarcely a day in the poet's career of which White was unable to give an authoritative account. Indeed, few lives out of the past are more intimately known. This is due, in large measure, to the "Shelley and his Circle" collection assembled by the late Carl H. Pforzheimer. Itself only a part of a superb gathering of rare books, first editions and holographs, the Shelley collection numbers some 1500 manuscripts including 220 of the poet's letters. The entire mass of material is to be published in successive volumes under the editorship of Professor Kenneth Neill Cameron, who left Indiana University to join the staff of the Pforzheimer Library. The two first volumes, covering the period 1778-1811, have now been issued.

In 1811, Shelley was only eighteen and had written nothing of note. But the Pforzheimer manuscripts do throw sharp light on two decisive episodes in the young man's stormy career: his expulsion from Oxford for having published a pamphlet on *The Necessity of Atheism*, and his elopement, shortly thereafter, with Harriet Westbrook. Both crises are now set before us in day-to-day and even hour-to-hour detail. Moreover, the later man, with his proud, impetuous humanity, is already present in these moments of juvenile stubbornness. He writes to his close friend Thomas Jefferson Hogg: "I will crush Christianity! I will at least attempt it. to fail even in so useful an attempt were glorious I enclose some poetry". There is much of the mature Shelley in that sequence, breathless for lack of punctuation. There is even more in a fine letter to Hogg of June 18-19, 1811: "I have been thinking of Death & Heaven for four days . . what is the latter? . . shall we set off . . . Is there a future life; whom should we injure by departing? should we not benefit some . . . I was thinking last night when from the summer house I saw the moon, just behind one of the chimneys if she were alone to witness our departure?" One need not be a romantic to hear between these lines the later rushing of the sea off Leghorn.

There are other notable items in these first volumes: letters and drafts of William Godwin, Shelley's radical mentor and father-in-law; the diary of Harriet Grove, Shelley's boyhood love; and the manuscripts relating to the quarrel which forms the background of Henry James's

GEORGE STEINER is the author of Tolstoy or Dostoevsky *(Knopf) and the forthcoming* The Death of Tragedy *(Knopf).*

The Incomplete

Bad weather seems to turn them up
as you move, stooped by the burden
of roofs, in attics or above garages
and sift the anonymous clutter to find
those things that fingers dropped
like half-smoked cigarettes:
The model plane dry as a mounted insect,
its rubber motor only a pencil line
along the stunted fuselage; sweaters dank
as feed sacks, each with only one sleeve
that waits for some distant uncle
to lose an arm to moths; vacations
shut tight in rolls of undeveloped film;
or half-read books that seem to float
face down near the debris of a lawnchair.

Such dwarfs persist seeming to prosper
in the dust. Lives begun with each advantage
but lost like coins through gratings.
They have slipped from thought like that relative
whose heart winced and then failed after ping pong,
whose grave is now overgrown and cluttered
as the drawers of ancient bureaus.
Or more, perhaps, like those blond children
who, after wading, felt skin tighten and seem
to shrink and so took their puckered fingers
to garages where they oiled the hinges
of old ice boxes and then grew very cool and quiet.

VERN RUTSALA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Aspern Papers (James shifted toward Byron a tale which actually points to Shelley).

All this is presented with a lavish scholarly apparatus in a format devised by the late Bruce Rogers, the prince of modern book-designers. Nothing more sumptuous has ever appeared from an academic press. Each manuscript, even if it is only a casual line or fragment of a draft, is surrounded by textual notes, collations, footnote commentaries, and elaborate descriptions of paper and watermark. An entire critical essay is devoted to the question of postmarks. The result is somewhat cadaverous. The most mercurial of spirits seems to lie entombed under relentless scholarship. But this could not be avoided once it had been decided to combine a library catalogue with the record of a passionate life. When the eight projected volumes are out, some irreverent soul should gather the Shelley letters and drafts into a paperback—preferably no larger than the Sophocles which Shelley slipped in his pocket when he went sailing on that sultry July day in 1822.

Solving Churchill's Riddle

THE CONSCIENCE OF THE REVOLUTION. By Robert Vincent Daniels. Harvard University Press. 425 pp. $10.

THE SOVIET CULTURAL OFFENSIVE. By Frederick C. Barghoorn. Princeton University Press. 353 pp. $7.50.

SOVIET LEADERS AND MASTERY OVER MAN. By Hadley Cantril. Rutgers University Press. 173 pp. $4 cloth; $1.65 paper.

Mark G. Field

AT THE TIME I was reading Daniels' book on the history of the Communist opposition in the Soviet Union, I chanced to meet a Soviet student who was touring this country as part of an exchange group. After the usual banalities, I mentioned the book to him and some of the highlights that had particularly interested me. The student, who could not have been more than twenty years old when the "Father of the People" and the "Coryphaeus of Science" died in 1953, looked at me quizzically (perhaps I was an *agent provocateur*) and said in a slightly annoyed tone but with a note of triumph: "*Da, da,* I know about these men, Trotsky, Stalin, Bukharin; we have our view on them," and then changed the topic. I may be projecting, but what he seemed to imply was that 1) contrary to what is alleged in the capitalistic countries, Soviet people *can* discuss (or mention) such controversial subjects; 2) an analysis of these past events cannot ever be "objective" and therefore there would not be much point in talking about them with non-Soviet people (politics in the Soviet Union is about as touchy a subject as religion in the United States); 3) this book (whatever it is) is probably at best some scurrilous anti-Soviet slander, as is most American scholarship on the Soviet Union, ground out by paid hacks, and represents *a priori* a viewpoint hostile to the Soviet Union.

And I venture to say that *The Conscience of the Revolution* is not likely to be soon published in the USSR, for it pointedly asks embarrassing questions and does not mince words. "Communism," Daniels writes, "is militaristic industrialism fortified with an irrelevant dogma." The book is a thoroughly documented and "objectively" presented history of the Russian Communist Party created by Lenin and taken over (after much infighting) by Stalin. Its primary focus is a study of the different types of opposition groups that arose in the party from 1903 to the moment when every one of them and every oppositionist was effectively eliminated and the party acquired its contemporary form.

IN ONE sense this book may be said to reflect once more man's dilemma between ends and means and the transformation of the means into an end in itself. As Ives Levy recently pointed out: "One does not serve what one loves by drawing away from it; freedom is not the future product of a long struggle from which it would be absent." The paradox of Soviet history lies in the fact that in order to establish paradise on earth the Soviet leaders were willing to create a living hell in their own country. The instrument they wielded was the Communist Party. Often they disagreed among themselves on goals, strategies, tactics, on who was to exercise power, on the very nature of the party, but never on its existence. The word "party" of course lends itself to semantic confusion; what Lenin had in mind was not the Western concept of a political party existing in a multi-party system, but first and foremost a fighting organization, a secular army. After the revolution it acquired managerial functions but remained a centralized, hierarchical, autocratic, disciplined and bureaucratic body. Opposition arose mostly out of a struggle to assume commanding positions in the organization and from the feeling, among some members, that the goals to which the party was committed were being betrayed or abandoned. Lenin and his successors (perhaps as a reaction against the Oblomovism of the pre-revolutionary intelligentsia) were obsessed with the idea of unity of action; that is, with the conception (really a myth) that the party was, or should be, a monolith whose members were united by ideological conviction. Unity later became an enforced viewpoint and the "good" party member was the one who conformed best to the line, twisted with it, and became the blind executioner of its policies. As Daniels points out, unity became the supreme value, and its violation the cardinal sin.

It is ironic that the opposition members, no less than those in power, were imbued with this idea of unity, treasured it like a precious jewel, and never (or almost never) could bear the idea of transgressing the Leninist injunction to preserve it. It seems that for many party members the party had become the sacred body of a secular church. The party, after all, was the distillate of their dreams, the corporate body that contained the essence of their aspirations and hopes, indeed of their entire lives. While they might not agree with the policies of some of her leaders, they shrank from sinful thoughts of striking against her. Apparently the GPU and NKVD examiners were in some instances able to exploit in their subjects a latent sense of guilt at having entertained such thoughts. Opposition members were thus afforded catharsis through confession to crimes they had never committed but might conceivably have attempted if the implications of their deviations were pursued to their tortuous but logical conclusions.

With painstaking craftmanship and infinite patience Daniels follows the various types of opposition down through the history of the Russian Communist Party; his book can be considered the definitive study until the relevant Soviet archives are thrown open (an event I do not expect to happen tomorrow).

BARGHOORN'S book on *The Soviet Cultural Offensive* tackles a quite different subject. It is a well-documented review of the Soviet approach to the

---

MARK G. FIELD, a member of the Russian Research Center, Harvard University, has written Doctor and Patient in Soviet-Russia *(Harvard Univ. Press).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

manipulation of cultural materials and personnel for propaganda purposes. The strategic aim of this offensive is to capture the minds and the loyalties of peoples outside the Soviet orbit, particularly the people of the new and underdeveloped nations whose cultural leaders and students are offered guided tours and flatteries, education and technical training in the Soviet Union. Barghoorn also reviews the cultural contacts and exchanges between the United States and Soviet Russia, and his diligent garnering of the facts indicates a lively East-West traffic in the past five years.

Barghoorn's book is sobering; he harbors few illusions that such exchanges will reduce world tension. One might hope, as a Soviet physician once expressed it to me, that the Pavlovian principle of nervous radiation might apply, spreading from the cultural and scientific worlds to the diplomatic and political arenas; but so far we have seen distressingly little evidence of such a radiation. It appears that in this area, as in many others, we are hampered by the totalitarian nature of the Soviet system and our inability to affect Soviet policies because the Soviet people and their cultural leaders, regardless of how well disposed they might be toward the West, cannot sway the policies and viewpoints of their government. At the same time, I agree with Barghoorn when he says that non-Communists should remember that totalitarianism also suffers from weaknesses of which the democracies can make good use: "Despite their considerable skill in public relations, Communists fear the give and take of free discussion. Spontaneity, informality, and even friendly self-assurance terrify them. They seek to orate but not to converse. Even at their trade and cultural expositions they do not so much explain as proclaim. Intimacy makes them uncomfortable." These are good words of wisdom for all those who are engaged in cultural, scientific or artistic contacts with Soviet colleagues.

CANTRIL'S book on *Soviet Leaders and Mastery over Man* is an attempt by a well-known social psychologist to obtain an insight into Soviet assumptions about human nature. It is an extremely difficult undertaking and I do not think it has been particularly successful. While it is a good idea for specialists who are not in the Soviet field to take a fresh look at the Soviet Union, such examinations sometimes fail to come off precisely because of the lack of "feel" for the labyrinth of Soviet society and the danger of following misleading (though often convincing) clues. Cantril's hardly surprising conclusion is that the main difference between Soviet and American values is that we believe the citizen has the capacity and will to make wise political decisions as required. The Soviets, on the other hand, believe that the ordinary citizen has to be led by the hand by the wise Party.

Serious Western studies of the Soviet Union are an important part of the dialogue between democratic and totalitarian societies. They are writing an epitaph to the Churchillian chestnut that Russia was "a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma" or even to his suggestion that the solution might simply lie in Russian national self-interest. More important, perhaps, these studies written outside Soviet control serve as a type of annoying conscience to the Soviet Union, pointing out the distortions, the reinterpretations, the inconsistencies, the falsehoods and hypocrisies. And perhaps this works both ways: when the Soviets remind us, for propaganda purposes, of our segregation problems or the treatment of our ethnic minorities they also point to chinks in our ideological armor. So long as this dialogue is maintained there is some hope.

Curses and Satires

LITERATURE AND THE IRRATIONAL: A Study in Anthropological Backgrounds. By Wayne Shumaker. Prentice-Hall. 288 pp. $4.90.

THE POWER OF SATIRE: Magic, Ritual, Art. By Robert C. Elliott. Princeton Univ. Press. 300 pp. $6.

Vivian Mercier

IF René Wellek and Austin Warren were to rewrite their magnificent *Theory of Literature* today, they would certainly feel obliged to include a chapter on "Literature and Anthropology." Writing in 1948, they managed to dismiss the subject in one paragraph, though even then they were taking a serious risk. The work of such writers as Jane Ellen Harrison, F. M. Cornford and Gilbert Murray, who had related Greek literature to classical anthropology thirty or forty years previously, was already beginning to attract renewed attention from a wider audience than ever before. On this matter of date, Professor Shumaker significantly remarks in his preface (dated 1959) that his own book "has resulted from a study of books and articles which as recently as ten years ago I should not have expected to find relevant to the understanding of literature. . . ."

Nevertheless, Wellek and Warren sternly remind us in one of their subheadings that the anthropological gambit forms part of "The Extrinsic Approach to the Study of Literature." Insofar as a writer seeks the *origins* of all literature, or of a particular genre, in magic, ritual and myth, he is not really dealing with the art of literature at all. Professors Shumaker and Elliott both discuss origins, certainly: it is difficult not to, since Aristotle, the daddy of literary criticism, led the way by indicating the ritual origin of tragedy. Shumaker examines the origins of tragedy, comedy, epic and lyric; Elliott, naturally, confines himself to the origin of satire in primitive magic, so brilliantly outlined by Fred Norris Robinson fifty years ago in his essay "Satirists and Enchanters in Early Irish Literature."

Both these books, however, go a long way beyond the discussion of origins. Elliott wants to know, for instance, whether the magical origin of satire can be traced in the attitudes of twentieth-century satirists; he is pleased but not surprised to find some very primitive mental traits in the work of Wyndham Lewis and Roy Campbell.

Shumaker's primary concern is with the consequences for aesthetic theory implicit in his conclusions about the origins of literature. There has, he says, "for several decades been a tendency in aesthetic theory — induced, perhaps, by a wish to vindicate art in a social order which finds unrivaled usefulness in science — to play down the affective element in aesthetic experience in favor of a cognitive element." He feels that his researches into the anthropological backgrounds of literature vindicate the affective element in both creation and appreciation and thus serve to refute overemphasis on the cognitive element, which is particularly noticeable in the work of the New Critics. Some of his readers will feel, as I do, that he is pushing an open door, but it is always a comfort to find a new ally on the side of those who uphold the separation of literature and science and deny that the former need ever become the handmaid of the latter.

Some of Shumaker's conclusions may

VIVIAN MERCIER is on the faculty of the City College of New York. He has recently completed The Irish Comic Tradition.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not seem very flattering to literature, however. In the two chapters on "The Language of Literature," which to my mind constitute the most original part of his book, he compares "the language of literature, insofar as it differs from nonliterary language, with the speech of primitives." Naturally the "pathetic fallacy," with its overtones of primitive animism, is thoroughly discussed, but the two chapters contain a number of other provocative correlations between literary language and primitive speech which I lack the space to detail here.

It is amusing to reflect that we no longer regard such correlations as derogatory: when Max Nordau in 1893 made similar correlations with neurotic and psychotic traits the basis for his attack on nineteenth-century art, *Degeneration,* his book provoked Bernard Shaw's dazzling reply, *The Sanity of Art.* The surrealists and the psychoanalytic critics have laid so much stress on the relationship between creativity and the unconscious mind that many an artist in our century has trembled at the thought that he might not be irrational enough. Indeed, Shumaker's insistence that those who emphasize the cognitive element in literature have been in the ascendant lately makes me wonder whether we have been reading the same books.

A DEVELOPED art-form and its primitive origin are two very different things: Elliott's book reminds us of this fact more frequently than does Shumaker's. *The Power of Satire* rehearses the argument of Robinson's great essay—which ought to be reprinted, by the way—and amplifies it with further instances from Greek, Arabic and Celtic practice, but Elliott then goes on to consider the satiric tradition in Latin poetry, Shakespeare, Molière and Swift, as well as in contemporary English literature. We can thus see what complex works of art have sprung from the prototype of satire, which was undoubtedly a spell or curse designed to inflict bodily injury on its victim.

I was startled to read in a recent *New Yorker* profile of Bob Cousy, the basketball player, that there may be physiological justification for the hate sessions which Arabian and Irish satirists used to stage publicly before and even during battle. Before a basketball game, Cousy broods for hours on his real and imagined grievances against the opposing team as individuals. This brooding results, according to scientists who have examined him, in the discharge into his system of huge quantities of an adrenal hormone called norepinephrine, which promotes combativeness. Perhaps the verbal warfare of satire, like the miming of warfare in primitive war dances, released the flow of norepinephrine in all those present. If I were less concerned to hold the frontier of literature against science, I might be tempted to suggest that a satirist differs from a lyric poet mainly because his adrenals function differently.

To understand how the impulse behind a primitive rite can be tamed and articulated into some of the subtlest works of art ever writen—*Le Misanthrope* or *Gulliver's Travels*—one has to read Elliott's book in its entirety, and especially the chapter entitled "The Satirist Satirized." Ultimately, the opposition between the rational and the irrational, the cognitive and the affective, appears illusory. Satire may have originated in the primitive verbal magic of a medicine man (or a basketball player), and I grant that the primitive impulse in Molière or Swift was indispensable. But, except for the operation of the conscious intellect upon it, what began as libido would have ended as magic or direct action and never have metamorphosed into art.

Second Impressions

Review of Paperbacks

Robert M. Wallace

Law

THE NATURE OF THE JUDICIAL PROCESS by Benjamin N. Cardozo (Yale, 95c) stirred many doubts in 1921 when it frankly described the methods by which an appellate court judge makes law. The judge responds to many restraints within himself and outside, as Justice Cardozo said, but "There is an endless 'becoming.' We are back with Heraclitus." The idea still offends — more properly, perhaps, distresses — rigid adherents to a concept of unchanging abstract justice or to precedent as embodied in case law. Here, it seemed, was too much freedom. At least a single series of lectures, brilliant as these were, required further analysis and delineation. Only three years later Justice Cardozo himself explored the problem in *The Growth of the Law* and many legal thinkers have added refinements, but this compact treatise, shocking at first, is after forty years a classic statement of accepted principles.

Cardozo, whose entire judicial career was as an appellate justice, is here unconcerned with the great majority of cases where determination of fact is the only significant issue. His object is justly applying just rules in the social interest, and his method is to pursue "logic, and history, and custom, and utility, and the accepted standards of right conduct . . . singly or in combination." What simplicity appears in his list is deceptive. These are the great issues, sometimes poorly defined, and no one of them is likely to be decisive in any case; their relative weights are variable, and even the direction in which they exert pressure is unpredictable. If history sometimes supplies a precedent, for example, at another time it brings to light reasons why change is necessary. The best card index, as Cardozo puts it, does not make the best judge.

In this light it becomes the judge's positive duty, not merely his right, to make and pronounce law. Constitutions are by nature general, and statutes, intentionally or not, leave gaps in their provisions. Further, case law is inexact, incomplete and in constant flux. Hence judges take on the character of legislators. They act in the knowledge that their serious business rises from predecessors' human limitations and failures and, with silent humility, that their followers will act on the same grounds.

Baldly stated, the judge's aim is social utility, as Cardozo conceives it, and his morality is received opinion refined by

If it's bound in paper, we're bound to have it!
The Paperback Bookseller
147 Front Street
Hempstead, N. Y.
Order from us now—we pay postage.

Looking for a PUBLISHER?
Your book can be published, promoted, distributed by successful, reliable company noted for prompt service. All subjects. Free Editorial Report. Inquiries also invited from businesses, churches, etc. Send for Free Booklet. Vantage Press, Dept. 103, 120 W. 31 St., New York 1.

Buy Your Books
through *The Nation*

Nation readers can avail themselves of our offer to send them any book (except paperbacks) at the regular retail price post-free if payment is received with the order, or at the retail price plus postage if the book is sent C.O.D. No. C.O.D.'s outside the United States. When ordering, please give name and author and publisher, if possible.

Please address your orders to
THE READER'S SERVICE DIVISION
333 Sixth Ave. New York 14, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a twentieth-century concept of natural law. Hence the judge, within his limits, has a duty "to maintain a relation between law and morals, between the precepts of jurisprudence and those of reason and good conscience." Study, experience and reflection must be his, as they are a legislator's guide.

Cardozo's exposition is characteristically clear and his style a model of grace.

Also: *Yankee From Olympus* by Catherine Drinker Bowen (Bantam, 75c). The life of Justice Holmes.

Theatre

Theatre Arts Anthology, Rosamond Gilder and other editors (Theatre Arts, $2.20). An absorbing record and a prophecy in 130 permanently valuable essays from the original *Theatre Arts*, 1916-1948, the writers comprising a small *Who's Who* among playwrights, actors, directors and reviewers.

Bernard Shaw's Letters to Granville Barker, C. B. Purdom, editor (Theatre Arts, $1.55). A lavish, witty supply of theatrical sense, production ideas and analyses of characters and actors; with Purdom's superb editorial links a sprightly history of the best English theatre, 1900-1917.

Five Plays by Lope de Vega, Jill Booty, translator (Hill and Wang, $1.95). Agreed masterpieces in fresh, spontaneous translations; an excellent introduction by R. D. F. Pring-Mill is however questionable on Lope's views of democracy.

Criticism

The Banquet Years: The Arts in France, 1855-1918 by Roger Shattuck (Anchor, $1.45). In erudite but vivid studies of Henri Rousseau, Erik Satie, Alfred Jarry and Guillaume Apollinaire, Shattuck makes many of the extravagances of the experimental movements of the period comprehensible and shows how they led into the 1920s.

Coleridge on Imagination by I. A. Richards (Indiana, $1.75). A fruitful study of Coleridge, actually part of Richards' own investigation of semantics and the psychology of imagination.

Hubris: A Study of Pride by Robert Payne (Harper, $2.35). A richly suggestive, ambitious essay exploring the mutations of pride and nemesis as revealing the human condition from pre-Homeric Greece to Paul Valéry.

Juvenal the Satirist by Gilbert Highet (Oxford, $1.85). The poet, his work and his influence; the standard study made lively and generally appealing in Highet's best style.

Letters

The Wisdom of the Heart by Henry Miller (New Directions, $1.35). Seventeen varied but characteristic essays and stories strongly reminiscent of Whitman, first collected in 1941.

Selected Early Poems and Letters by Edwin Arlington Robinson, Charles T. Davis editor (Rinehart Editions, $1.45). All of *The Torrent and The Night Before* and *The Children of the Night* most of *Captain Craig* and thirty-four early letters, impressively exhibiting Robinson's earliest accomplishments.

The Last Days of Shelley and Byron, J. E. Morpurgo, editor (Anchor, 95c). Trelawney's warmly relished *Recollections* of his *Wunderjahr* with the Poet and the Pilgrim, supplemented and corrected by other contemporaries' reports.

Seventeenth-Century English Literature by C. V. Wedgwood (Oxford, $1.25). A superb brief account by a sensitive historian with great balance and insight.

Miscellaneous

Paths of Loneliness by Mary Margaret Wood (Columbia, $1.50). Argues that changes which tend to break down and reshape social patterns occur so rapidly that individuals now normally require group assistance to reconstruct orderly relationships for inner security and a sense of purpose and belonging.

Battle for the Mind: A Physiology of Conversion and Brain-Washing by William Sargant (Penguin, $1.45). A provocative study along Pavlovian lines minimizing reasoned argument and Freudian concepts, and emphasizing mechanistic and physiological techniques of implanting doctrines in the brain as conditioned reflexes.

The Exploration of Space by Arthur C. Clarke (Premier, 50c). A sound introduction which laymen can understand.

The Big Change by Frederick Lewis Allen (Bantam, 50c). Colorful sketch of the transformations in America, 1900-50, by adjustments in the capitalist system.

HOW TO PUBLISH YOUR BOOK

Join our successful authors in a complete and reliable publishing program: publicity, advertising, handsome books. Speedy, efficient service. Send for FREE manuscript report & copy of Publish Your Book.

CARLTON PRESS Dept N5C
84 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N. Y.

$2.50 each

SAVE YOUR COPIES OF *THE NATION*

- Each file holds a full year's copies.
- Jesse Jones Volume Files for every publication.
- Covered in durable leather like Kivar, title embossed in 16 Kt. gold.

Satisfaction guaranteed

Attractive and practical for your home or office

3 for $7.00 6 for $13.00

ORDER NOW — send check or money order

Magazine File Co.
520 Fifth Avenue
New York 36, N. Y.

FREE DESCRIPTIVE FOLDER UPON REQUEST

ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

THE new United States Embassy building in London is grandiose, an Edwardian quality the English are wary of these days. I've just been reading what several British critics have had to say about it in the *New Statesman*, the *Times*, the *Observer*, etc. and although most of them are fairly kind about the design, it is that penetrating British kindness that cools the bones:

"Eero Saarinen's buildings in Detroit have been called 'exalted.' Is it not just that in London he was instructed to do the wrong thing?"

". . . the eagle is consistent with the architecture, which . . . is consistent with the tragedy of Americanism."

". . . the almost Central American effect of the building itself."

"As to [the golden eagle's] . . . being too big for the building, the question is whether in fact it is big enough."

"Ultimately, I expect, the architect deserves our sympathy."

The Embassy was not quite completed when I saw it in August; workmen were still finishing off the interiors, and the grand gold bird had not yet been welded to the front facade. However, the exterior was otherwise complete, and it was difficult to like the building. Saarinen is one of our best architects, but this is surely not his best work (the British tone of kindness is catching, I'm afraid). I found the embassy a glib, cold structure.

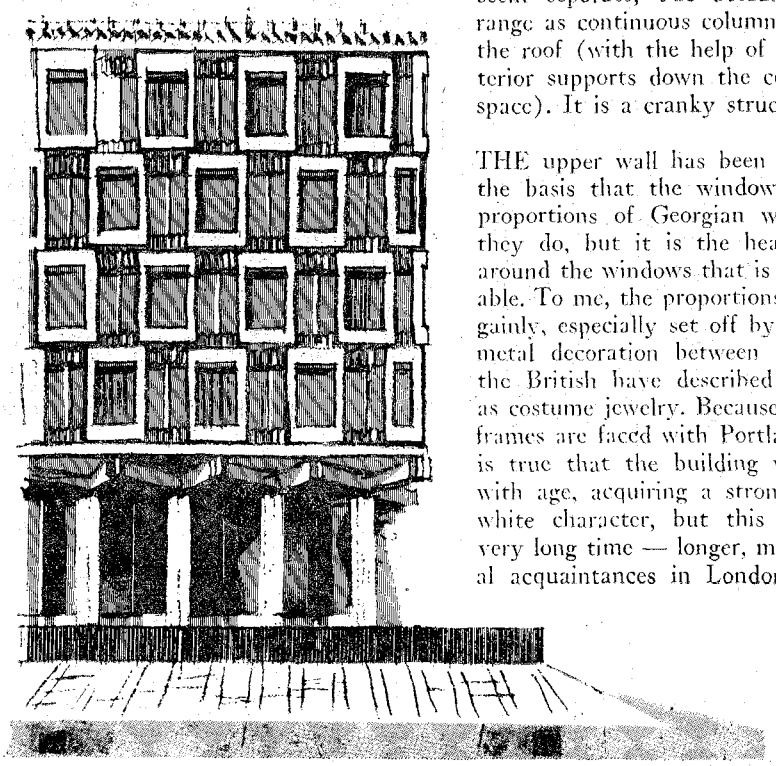
Much has been made of the fact that it occupies one end of an old square in London, a neighborhood into which it attempts to fit. This design diplomacy

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was by direction of the client, the State Department, which previously had occupied a smooth Georgian fake at the other end of the same Grosvenor Square — since purchased by the Canadians as their London headquarters. In a preliminary competition, our Foreign Buildings Office in 1956 paid six well-known American architects small fees to vie for the commission, and Saarinen won.

WHEN I stood near the center of Grosvenor Square and looked around, it seemed to me that Saarinen's approach to the problem of fitting into the low skyline was intelligent, considering that he had a large bulk of office space to insert. The entire area is owned by the Duke of Westminster, and Saarinen reports that when he asked what plans the estate had for development of new buildings on the square, the Duke's managers replied that they intended to stick to the genteel Georgian, but inflate it. So Saarinen sensibly decided to build for the future. He designed a long horizontal, keeping the roof line as low as he could, throwing a strong, simple shape across his end of the square. But the British have complained that it is not quite broad enough. To quote Reyner Banham in the *New Statesman*: "Saarinen, by opening a sizable hole in each corner of the square, lets any sense of enclosure drain away like water through a breached dyke. . . ."

Banham certainly knows more about Georgian architecture than I do, but on the basis of an hour's stay, I would say that Grosvenor Square is hardly tightly



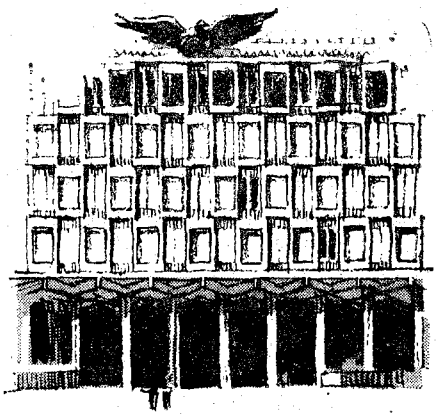
confined, and the few feet Saarinen stretched the sidewalk silhouette matters little. It is in the actual design of the building, particularly in the heavy-handed facades, that Saarinen's impulses seem not so good.

In general characterization, to begin with, he stood the Embassy on a temple-like platform, which makes it a touch lordly. Bordering the sidewalk around the structure is a slanted stone wall, which is about the best background for a picket line that any angry anti-American could ask—the building could become a gullible victim for that sort of thing.

Structurally the design is an odd mix. The wall of the main floor level, approached up steps from the sidewalk, is largely glass, with very strong and apparent columns set between the immense panes. On top of these, the architect did not use the usual simple framing of beams to support the second floor, but instead angled the supports on the diagonal to make a more interesting pattern. This biased structural ceiling did not come out to be particularly graceful; it also gave him some queer corners to contend with in the detailing of the windows, lighting, etc. The building seems elaborate, and it gets more so as your eye continues upward.

For, above the "diagrid," he changed the structural signals again, and constructed a blunt but intricate exterior wall to carry the load of the upper office floors. In this wall very heavy masonry window frames are stacked to seem separate, but actually they arrange as continuous columns to support the roof (with the help of a row of interior supports down the center of this space). It is a cranky structure.

THE upper wall has been defended on the basis that the windows retain the proportions of Georgian windows, and they do, but it is the heavy masonry around the windows that is more noticeable. To me, the proportions seemed ungainly, especially set off by the glinting metal decoration between them, which the British have described quite fairly as costume jewelry. Because the window frames are faced with Portland Stone, it is true that the building will improve with age, acquiring a strong black and white character, but this will take a very long time — longer, my professional acquaintances in London said, than



we occupied the old Embassy across the square. Meanwhile the building will not be merely a trim office structure, but raw and belligerent to the eye.

As a generation we are at the moment on very unfamiliar ground in architecture. An architect like Saarinen is impatient to push ahead into new forms, so sometimes he is bound to appear dogged, as he did here. Often enough, pure impulse is the shaper. Under such circumstances imagination is imperative, but so is merciless self criticism. Looking at a photograph of the eagle on top the facade of the London Embassy, I find myself wondering how Eero Saarinen, as a design critic at an architectural school, might have reacted not very long ago if a not particularly eloquent student had submitted a drawing of an eagle (35 feet wide, wingtip to wingtip) to top such a stony facade.

NEW WORLD REVIEW

Announces an Essay Contest on

"Youth's Stake in Peace"

For young people—ages 18 thru 25

$500 in prizes

First Prize $200
Second Prize 100
Third Prize 50
Ten Honorable Mention Awards of $15 each

Judges: Prof. Royal W. France, Rev. Stephen H. Fritchman, Gen. Hugh B. Hester (ret.)

Contest Closes May 1—Write for details

NEW WORLD REVIEW
Essay Contest Dept. — 7th Floor
34 West 15th St., New York 11, N.Y.

$175,491 to Writers

Your unpublished manuscript may be valuable! Our famous subsidy plan has returned $175,491 to writers in the past five years. We will publish, advertise, distribute your book and pay you 40% of retail price. Send for FREE BROCHURE N.
Pageant Press, 101 Fifth Ave., New York 3

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Printing & Lithography

of every description
(Union Label)

PAMPHLETS — BULLETINS
CATALOGS — PUBLICATIONS
BUSINESS FORMS
GREETING CARDS
ADVERTISING BROCHURES
ART REPRODUCTIONS

Inquiries Promptly Answered
Prices Cheerfully Quoted

We Ship Anywhere

Jim Burford: AGENCY
LITHOGRAPH & PRINTING CO.
118 So. Vermont, Los Angeles 4, Cal.
DUnkirk 5-7500

PERSONAL BOOKPLATES

You Select: Design – Typefaces
Write for Brochure
NORMANDIE HOUSE
2610 West Eighth St., Los Angeles, Calif.

PUBLICATIONS

AFRIQUE action

The liberal voice of emerging Africa.
Edited in Tunis, in French.
Free copy on request
HOWARD PUBLICATIONS
1475 Broadway New York 36

"L'EXPRESS" the leading liberal paper in France today. Send 10c for your sample copy. Howard Publications, 1475 Broadway, New York 36.

ATHEISTS! AGNOSTICS! FREETHINKERS! THE SECULARIST—today's leading, dynamic monthly magazine for you. Send $2 annual subscription (or $3 annual membership) to: American Secularist Association, Box 91-N, Newark 1, N.J.

BUY YOUR BOOKS
THROUGH *THE NATION*
Reader's Service Department
333 Sixth Avenue New York 14

THEATRE

Robert Hatch

ROOTS, the middle play of Arnold Wesker's social triology, is at the Mayfair, an off-Broadway house which, lodged in a sub-cellar of the Paramount Hotel, is buried in the heart of Broadway.

It turns out that Wesker's play is very difficult to import, not because conditions are so different in England, but because in certain basic aspects they are the same. An American is lured by familiarity into thinking he is at home with the problem, and then the details sound off key. In our terms there are no such people as the Bryant family of rural workers against which the "awakened" daughter, Beatie, is so stridently rebelling. We are rootless in the sense that we are moving without direction, consuming without need, prevailing without understanding. Wesker's people are rootless in the sense that they have been cut off where they stand, their traditions atrophied beneath them and their lives rotting. He is in effect calling on the British masses to rouse themselves from a sleep that is sliding toward death; our rootlessness induces intoxication rather than somnolence.

If the production were more British it would be easier to understand, but this is an American project in cast and direction. It feels like O'Neill with assistance from Odets, assuming that both had abruptly lost contact with their sources. Because of this ambivalence of milieu, the audience falls back on the theatre itself as the only place where the events occur. The play becomes "realism" rather than real; that is always embarrassing, the more so here because *Roots* is so frankly hortatory.

Wesker is a Socialist who puts little faith in programs, manifestoes or leaders. Individuals helping individuals to safe footing is what he envisions as the way ahead. He believes in missionaries, which in the American context is not unlike believing in fairies. You must feel helpless to accept the helping hand, and helplessness we are not prepared to admit in our fuel-injection society.

Given this indecisiveness of attack, Mary Doyle had an impossible task as the impatient daughter. Beatie has come home from London, filled with half-heard theories about Art, Life, Love and other capitalized generalities that she has caught from her half-baked rebel of a boy friend. We can sense so little about where she "fits in" that we take her at face value and blink at her feckless banality. Wesker, I would suppose, means us to see in Beatie — and thus in her section of a generation — the struggle of a girl who senses a truth but lacks the background, training and time to bring it to pass. But there is no sense of struggle in Miss Doyle's Beatie; more like a Bennington girl working off energy.

Wesker is a dramatist of formidable technical skill, which is not today so very rare. But he is using it in an effort to split a way into the monolithic inferiority of his times, and that today is so rare in the theatre as to evoke wonder and gratitude. The present production, however, is one that can only be filed pending further information.

AN ACTOR who occupies the stage alone for an entire evening requires physical strength and personal assurance of a high order. Michael MacLiammóir shows an abundance of these qualities in *The Importance of Being Oscar* (Lyceum). He is also a vivid actor with a wide range of perception. But as an editor, he is less gifted or experienced.

Unlike recent impersonators of Mark Twain and Charles Dickens, MacLiammóir chooses not to play Oscar Wilde. His is a narrative, richly illustrated with dramatized extracts from the collected works. When MacLiammóir is acting what is meant to be acted, he is evocative and witty. But his "produced" *De Profundis* becomes an emotional calculation and *The Ballad of Reading Gaol* falls into rant from the swinging gestures and breaking voice.

Having decided not to be Oscar, MacLiammóir fails to be himself. Most noticeably in the exposition, he employs an approximation of his subject's manner that smacks of dependence and suggests mockery. (There is a terrible moment when, recalling Wilde's meeting with Louisa May Alcott, MacLiammóir looks like Olivier in *The Entertainer*.) A lesser Wilde harking back to Wilde's travail is not an attractive spectacle. It pitches the evening to a grotesque boyishness and reduces tragedy to pathos.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS • *March*

ROBERT C. THOMPSON: Peaceful Coexistence and Party Mass Ties
GEORGE MORRIS: Lessons of Recent Strike Struggles
GUS HALL & OTHERS: Life of Eugene Dennis
SHIRLEY GRAHAM: First Conference of Asian and African Wome
JOANNY BERLIOZ: Paris Commune (On its 90th anniversary)
HERBERT APTHEKER: On the Nature of the Cuban Revolution
EDITORIALS: Unemployment, the Congo Situation, etc.

35c a copy — $4 a year

MAINSTREAM • *March*

R. P. SHAW: De Gaulle and Algeria
HYMAN LUMER & Prof. DONALD CLARK HODGES: A Discussion of Ethics and Socialism
PATRICE LUMUMBA: Poem
ARNO REINFRANK: Trends in Contemporary West German Literature.
PABLO NERUDA & NICOLAS GUILLEN: Poetry from Cuba
STANLEY SILVERSWEIG: "To Radical Young Humanists" — a communication
BOOK REVIEWS: Herbert Aptheker's The World of C. Wright Mills; Edita Morris' Flowers of Hiroshima; and others

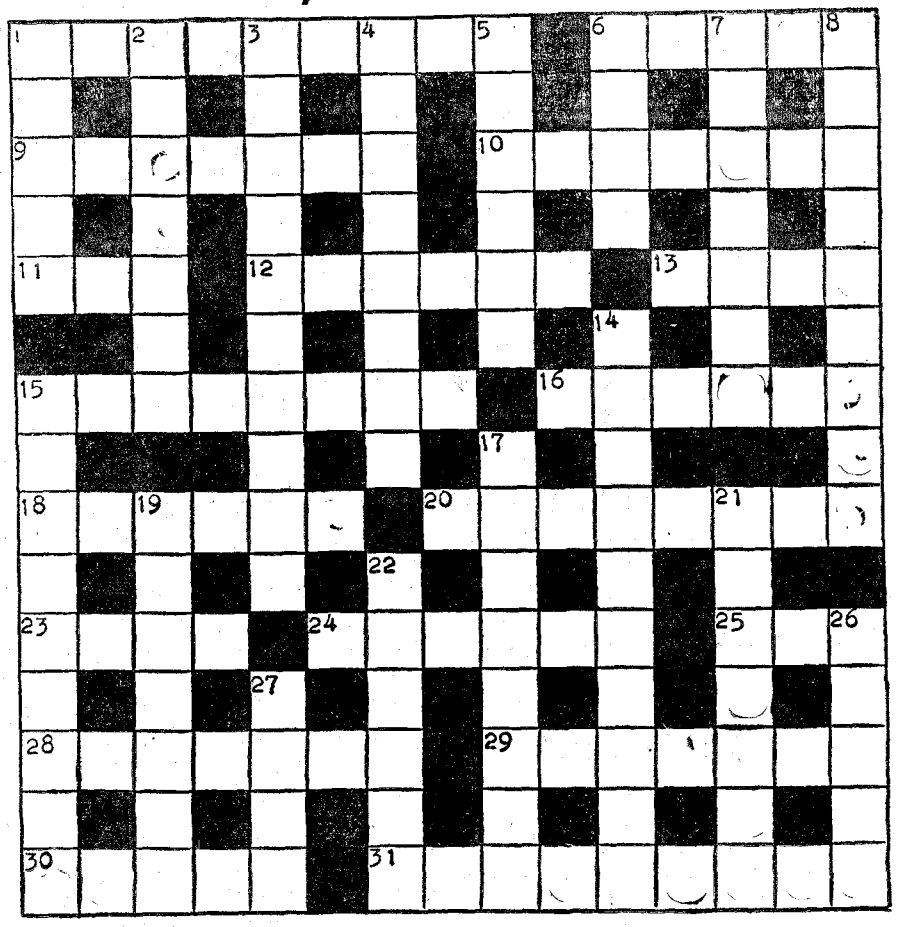
50c a copy $5 a year

NEW CENTURY PUBLISHERS 832 Broadway New York 3, N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 908

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Planning what the flagpole was built for? (9)
6 Coins are changed here at a fast rate. (5)
9 22 down, the old sourpuss! (3, 4)
10 See 27 down
11 How we sometimes stand to win the 27 and more. (3)
12 The unexpected result of one who follows the army? (6)
13 Emerson laughed at the sophist schools and the learned one. (4)
15 See 6 down
16 Purge. (6)
18 A double cross with a bad prophet and a king. (6)
20 The way to make an item pull more than once? (8)
23 The part of the trap set in church?
24 See 21 down
25 When is the winter of our discontent? (3)
28 Not accidental cargo, in a way. (7)
29 Sacrifice a principle, perhaps, if you do monkey around with a sort of 23.
30 Follow. (5)
31 Green rust, rising from decadence.

DOWN:

1 Organization supplied with a bottle? (5)
2 Not quite related to an alarmed way. (7)
3 Trust me for this—it had to be surrendered. (4, 6)
4 Going around in the right circles, or just being caustic? (8)
5 Objected to what the shot-gun did, perhaps. (6)
6 and 15 across Involved in the amateur photographic contest, as a quick guess. (4, 8)
7 Headed in wrong, and shot the French in tiny bits. (7)
8 And record what is long-standing to the French. (9)
14 Certainly not a carbon sheet for political excuses. (5, 5)
15 How to get ex-Japs out of place next to one another. (9)
17 Awkward males run two and three together. (8)
19 Gives up the singers position? (7)
21 and 24 across Buttermilk, eggs, flour, etc., that gives a gal her complexion? (7, 6)
22 Tropic disease? (6)
26 Snatch a little shut-eye, by the sound of it. (5)
27 and 10 Wait here where the boys play poker? (11)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 907

ACROSS: 1 and 4 down Stock in trade; 9 On draft; 10 Contour; 11 and 13 Here's how; 12 Taffy; 16 Radiate; 17 Creoles; 22 Covered; 24 and 4 across Past imperfect; 25 and 14 down Cornstalks; 29 Prelude; 30 Eristic; 31 Redressed; 32 Ledes. DOWN: 1 Smothered; 2 Ordered; 3 Khan; 5 Pacific; 6 Runs; 7 Epochal; 8 and 26 Throwback; 15 and 19 Heavy drinker; 18 Sidekicks; 20 Instead; 21 Roofers; 22 Contend; 23 Roasted; 24 and 28 Paper mill; 27 Rude.

RESORT

ONLY 50 MILES FROM N.Y.C.

RELAX in a friendly atmosphere. Golf at a magnificent Country Club. Dancing. Entertainment. Superb cuisine. Fireproof Bldg. Elevator service. Group facilities. In New York City call at local rate.

FAirbanks 5-7227
MAhopac 8-3449

FOREST house
LAKE MAHOPAC, N. Y.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS

Complete Personality Analysis from Your Handwriting
Fee $5.00
ALFRED KANFER
62 Leroy St., New York 14, N. Y.
Endorsed by scientific authorities, hospitals, insurance companies, colleges, psych. journals.
Recipient of research grants

LITERARY SERVICE

WRITERS! REQUEST FREE sample Pink Sheets listing markets USA. Literary Agent Mead, 915 Broadway, New York.

SERVICES

MOVING? Professional moving at competitive rates. Anytime, anywhere. Licensed, insured, experienced. THE COVERED WAGON. ALgonquin 5-1788 (N.Y.C.).

WE MOVE YOU WITHOUT TEARS — Economical, insured moving and storage. Vans, wagons—NYC, resorts, long distance. The Padded Wagon, Inc., AL 5-8343 (NYC). 569 Hudson Street, New York 14.

PERSONALS

HUMANISM—THE UNIFYING MOVEMENT FOR FREE MINDS!
Ethical, humanitarian; experimental approach, based on natural and social sciences; nonpolitical, nonsupernatural. Interested? AMERICAN HUMANIST ASSOCIATION welcomes you; local chapters, publications. Send $1 for 3 month trial membership, or $5 for year, to:
American Humanist Association
Dept. N1 Yellow Springs, Ohio

WANTED: Information leading to persons with money to back a plan to organize a World Constitutional Convention. Prominent international sponsoring committee formed. Next step is a world-wide Preparatory Conference. Write: Campaign for a World Constitution, 8600 W. Colfax, Lakewood, Colo.

COMMUNAL SOCIETY being founded in South Pacific to escape nuclear annihilation. Seek 150 members (21-40). Apply Philia, Box 1149, Washington 13, D. C.

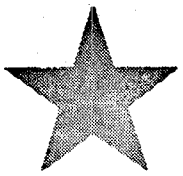
AIR CONDITIONERS. A few tax exempt 1960 models left at 5% above carload cost. Prices are as low as $115.50. Standard Brand Dist., 143 Fourth Ave. (nr. 14th St.), N. Y. GR 3-7819. 1 hour free parking.

Advertising Rates
CLASSIFIED
74c a line (6 words)
Three-line minimum
CLASSIFIED DISPLAY
$7.42 per inch (minimum)
The NATION
333 Sixth Ave., New York 14, N. Y.
CHelsea 2-8400

Printed in the U. S. A. by RCR Publication Printers Corp., N. Y. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When Is Truth?



A READER scolds us by letter for our editorial, "The American Way" (March 11 issue), in which we ascribed the current difficulties of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, serving New York City commuters, to "methods and management." Writes our correspondent: "Your judgment is too hasty, too radical; maybe it's just that too many people prefer autos to trains for commuting."

TOO HASTY, too radical? One week after the editorial went to press, the Interstate Commerce Commission Bureau of Inquiry and Compliance reported officially: "One of the contributing causes for the New Haven's failures over the years appears to have been its management or lack thereof."

IN A WORLD of dynamic change, the stodgy-minded are likely to mistake alertness for haste, realism for radicalism. *The Nation* is radical only in the sense that we try to get at the root of things. And if we sometimes seem hasty, it is only because we quite often manage to get at the root a little bit sooner than anyone else.

THE NATION

THE NATION, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14

Please send THE NATION:

- ☐ One Year, $8
- ☐ Two Years, $14
- ☐ Payment enclosed
- ☐ Three Years, $20
- ☐ 6 Months, $4
- ☐ Bill me

(Foreign postage $1 a year extra)

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone..... State.....

3-25-61

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED